

LONDON SOCIETY.

MARCH, 1866.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

A Cambridge Episode.



HE senior wrangler of his year is certainly, for the time being, the greatest personage in the university. The proctors are, indeed, small in importance when compared with the gifted youth whose name appears first in the Mathematical Tripos; even the vice-chancellor himself is but a dim light when beheld by the side of that man whose profound knowledge has enabled him to excite the whole alumni of the university in mathematical science. There is a story on record which declares that a certain senior wrangler, upon going to a theatre in London fresh from his triumphs at Cambridge, imagined that the cheers which greeted her Majesty's entrance into her box were an ovation in his honour, and that, standing up on his seat, with his hand upon his heart, he bowed his thanks to the loyal and enthusiastic audience. On the whole I do not think that this youth, whoever he might be, was altogether so deserving of ridicule as may at first appear. Certainly a great gun at his university, which was his little world, as ignorant as a child probably of the usages of society, he might well imagine that his fame had travelled as far as the metropolis, and that a display of enthusiasm in his honour was not more than his labour, industry, and talents deserved. But to my tale. For months previous to the episode I relate, rumour with her many tongues had been busy throughout Alma Mater as to who amongst the many excellent and promising mathematical scholars of the year 18— should be fortunate enough to bind the laurel wreath of the senior wranglership around his brows. The minds of those students who though not happy in a talent for figures themselves, still felt an interest in what was going on around them anent such subjects, had been perplexed and harassed by the respective claims of the various candidates for this distinguished honour, whose names arose one after another to the surface of that kettle of gossip which was perpetually boiling beside the Cam's turgid stream. Now it was a scholar of Trinity who was declared to be the coming man,—‘The best mathematician, my dear fellow, which Trinity has ever seen,’ you were confidently informed; rather a bold assertion considering the numbers of able men that large and venerable college has produced. Again, amongst a certain section a sizar of St. John's held the sway, but no Trinity man could be found to allow for one moment the merits of any individual belonging to the

ancient and perpetual rival of their college. Certainly if a rugged, unwashed, and unkempt appearance, a pallid, unwholesome-looking countenance, and a general mouldy and seedy exterior are any indications of the brilliancy of the talent within, the individual pointed out to me as the Johnian favourite ought to have distanced all his competitors for this great university distinction. The names of one or two small college men, whose chances were considered to be pretty equally balanced, were also mentioned as those amongst which it was not unlikely that the senior wrangler might be found. Still nothing certain was known, and unlike the usual course of things in previous years, no one student had sufficiently—to use a sporting expression—‘the call of the others’ in the public favour, to warrant his college or his friends looking upon the result as at all sure. Indeed, a sporting undergraduate was heard to declare ‘that for the wrangler’s stakes he would take the field against the favourites for a pony.’ By which dark and oracular saying he was supposed to intimate, that he preferred the chances that some student as yet unknown to fame might carry off the prize, rather than those of the men whose names were before the public; and that he was ready to uphold his judgment to the extent of risking, not a small horse, as the dictionary tells us the word ‘pony’ means, but the sum of five-and-twenty golden sovereigns as the term signifies in the phraseology of the betting ring. Such, then, was the state of affairs with reference to the senior wranglership at the close of the October term in the year to which I allude.

‘I thought you would not like to dine all alone, sir,—particularly to-day,’ said old Tom, the porter, as I entered the hall of St. Dunstan’s College on Christmas-day, ‘so I just laid for you at the sizar’s table; there is only Mr. Smith beside you in college, but I reckoned as how you might perhaps think that he was better than no company at all.’

‘All right, Tom,’ I replied, as I

crossed the hall to where a small table had been laid for two close to the stove, whose blazing fire burnt cheerful and bright, throwing a warm and comfortable glow over the otherwise gloomy and cold-looking refectory. ‘As you say, Mr. Smith is better than no company at all, though I doubt if we shall have much in common with one another.’

‘Not likely, sir,’ said Tom; ‘not likely that a gentleman like you would have much to say to a poor sizar like Mr. Smith; but they do say he is mortal clever; I know he reads mighty hard, and I should not a bit wonder if he is not high up amongst the wranglers.’

‘Indeed,’ I observed carelessly, for I felt but little interest in Mr. Smith or his concerns, though not from the reason which the porter seemed to imagine, but because just at that particular time I had plenty of food for my thoughts, in reflecting whether it was possible I could so make up for past idleness as to manage to scramble through the approaching examination for my degree, not indeed in the distinguished company of Mr. Smith, or any other of the great mathematical geniuses, but amidst the Browns, Jones, and Robinsons of the poll. ‘Well, here comes Mr. Smith, Tom, so let us have dinner,’ I exclaimed, as I saw a figure, habited in a long gown, and a cap which he wore far at the back of his head, the tassel of which hung streaming like a black cataract of silk down below, now enter the hall, and with a quick, hurried step approach the table at which I was standing.

A friend of mine once commenced a poem descriptive of the several groups to be seen between the hours of two and four in the afternoon on that well-known, well-worn university promenade, the King’s Parade. I do not think this poem has ever been given to the public, but as a fair description of the manner and appearance of my dinner companion I cannot forbear quoting just two stanzas from it:—

‘Here come two Dons.
That man’s from John’s,
Who goes at such a pace;

With head hung down,
And streaming gown,
As though he walked a race.

'On problem vast
His thoughts are cast,
I'll bet he'll solve it soon;
How many feet
There are to eat
Of green cheese in the moon.'

Whether Mr. Smith had solved the problem, be what it might, upon which his mind was at that moment bent, I do not know; but the sight of me standing in front of the stove in that attitude in which Englishmen so much delight, recalled his thoughts from the moon, if they had travelled so far, to this world below, for he started slightly, and his pale face—for he had lifted his head from its stooping position—flushed with surprise at seeing an undergraduate who, he probably knew, was not remarkable either for learning or industry, actually about to dine in hall on Christmas-day. Seeing his look of astonishment, I said, perhaps with a slight degree of patronage in my tone, 'Old Tom tells me that you and I are two unfortunates left all alone in our glory in this gloomy old college, at this joyous and festive season.' I propose, therefore, if you have no objection, that we should dine together; for it would be truly unsociable if we were to sit down to our meal, each in solitary grandeur at our respective tables.

'Oh, certainly, I shall be most happy,' replied the sizar in a very sweet and gentle voice, as he made a step forward, and advanced to warm himself at the stove, where I had made room for him. It was my turn now to look astonished, for I had never expected tones almost as soft and gentle as a woman to proceed from any one possessing such an uncouth exterior. I looked, doubtless, as surprised as I felt, for Smith rubbed his hands nervously together as, stooping down, he held them to the fire. As he stood in this position, the light falling directly upon his face, showed me, spite of its paleness, and the lines telling of deep thought and hard study, if of nothing else, which it bore, was a very prepossessing one, for the brow was white and lofty, the features

regular, whilst a touching expression of tender, gentle melancholy pervaded the whole. But just at this moment dinner was placed upon the table, and I deferred the contemplation of Mr. Smith's countenance until I had in some measure appeased an appetite which an excellent constitution and the cold bracing weather had gifted me with. During our repast, Smith, though by no means anxious to lead the conversation, appeared ready enough to talk when spoken to, and the soft, sweet tones of his voice fell with such a peculiarly pleasant sound upon my ear that I did my best to draw him out, and encouraged him as much as possible to speak of himself and his studies. He told me that he was reading very hard, indeed he had done so ever since he came up to the university; that he was in great hopes of being able to obtain such a position in the honour tripos as would enable him to obtain a fellowship, and thus provide him with the means of supporting in comfort a widowed mother and invalid sister, who were now almost entirely dependent upon his exertions for the necessities of life. At the mention of his mother and sister the student's pale, rather melancholy face was lighted up with such a bright, beaming smile, and he spoke with such deep feeling about them, that, thoughtless as I was at the time, I could not help being struck with admiration at the poor sizar's filial and brotherly devotion, and a qualm passed through my conscience when I considered that my own mother and sisters would be but badly off if they had to depend upon my exertions and industry for their support.

In return for such confidences as he bestowed upon me, I related to my new acquaintance the difficulties I was in with regard to the approaching examination for my degree, and I declared my firm conviction that, so hard to understand were certain subjects which I had to get up, that it would be perfectly impossible that I could succeed in passing safely through the much-dreaded ordeal.

Most good-naturedly my compa-

nion offered, if I liked, to endeavour to explain the, to me, obtuse sciences, a knowledge or ignorance of which would tend to decide my fate. He also told me that during the long vacations he had devoted his time to taking pupils, and that he had been very successful in clearing away the difficulties which surrounded those subjects which I so much dreaded and which I found so hard to understand. So impelled was I towards him by the sweet gentleness of his voice and manner, that, wishing to see more of one who had so irresistibly attracted me, I gladly accepted his offer, and, with many thanks, declared my readiness to avail myself of his assistance. After our meal was over I said, linking my arm in his, 'Come, my dear Smith, let us go up to my rooms and have a glass of wine; you can then explain to me some of those horrid subjects which I have to get up.' A return of his nervous, shy manner, which had in a great measure disappeared towards the latter part of our social dinner, seized upon Smith at my proposition, for, hurriedly withdrawing himself from my arm, he said—

'Oh no! thank you, I am much obliged, not now; I have very little time to spare, and wine would only make me sleepy, as I am unaccustomed to any stimulant stronger than tea.'

'Well,' I exclaimed, 'your offer of helping me is too good a one for me to lose sight of it, and I am a great deal too ignorant of those things which you have promised to explain to me not to seek your assistance; so if you will not come to my rooms, I will go with you to yours.'

At this proposal of mine Smith blushed scarlet, and looked most uncomfortable, whilst in an earnest, imploring voice, he said—

'Oh dear no! you must not come to my rooms—if I can help you I will come to you—but—' and he paused, as if reflecting for a moment, and then continued—'well, perhaps there is no time like the present, and a change from constant study and learning oneself to teaching another may refresh and do me good.'

'To be sure,' I said; 'nothing like a rest: When I am tired of grinding at Euclid, algebra, and such things, I get on a horse and have a good gallop, and you cannot think how much good it does me.'

Smith smiled at this remark of mine, whilst he replied—

'I do not think galloping on horseback would be much rest to me, as I should most likely tumble off, for I have never been on horseback in my life.'

I dare say I looked astonished; for any one to have reached the age of manhood, and never to have been on the outside of a horse, as our set used to call riding, was to my mind a wonder indeed. My companion merely said, in his gentle way, 'I have had too much dependent upon my exertions, since my poor father died, to enable me ever to indulge in so expensive an amusement as riding.'

I led the way to my rooms, and when there insisted upon my tutor, as Smith was now to be, taking some wine, for I felt sure a glass of such good port as I flattered myself mine was, would invigorate and do the pale student good. For the next few days, Smith came regularly to my rooms, after dinner in hall; and I had the satisfaction of thinking that the great benefits which his judicious explanations conferred upon me were in some slight measure returned by the good which the single glass of wine (for he would never take more) which I insisted upon his drinking, did him. The eventful day on which the examination for honours commenced at length arrived, and the sizar told me, as he came out of chapel in the morning, that whilst the examination lasted he should be obliged to relinquish his assistance to me. Of course I could not wish my kind instructor to imperil the result of his examination for my sake; but as I thanked him for his past kindness and efforts in my behalf, I said, 'I shall be very anxious, my dear fellow, to hear how you get on, so let me know if you possibly can.' For the next few days I saw nothing of my newly-found acquaintance. Many men

who were engaged in the schools then going on, and who had run down home for a few days at Christmas, had again returned to Cambridge; and the college hall, which a short time before, when Smith and I dined together, was so still and quiet, again assumed somewhat of its ordinary noise and bustle. The pale student evidently avoided me; and, without going to his rooms, from which I shrank in consequence of the dread he seemed to have of my doing so, I could not obtain an opportunity of speaking to him. At length I resolved to know how he was acquitting himself, though I was even obliged to violate his wishes, and seek him in the privacy of his own rooms to do so. It was a dreadfully cold night, the thermometer below zero, and the snow and sleet beating in my face, as I crossed the quad to the staircase where Smith's garrets (for the sizar's rooms in St. Dunstan's are worthy of no better appellation) were situated, ascending the creaking old rickety stairs, only lighted by the flickering light of the gas-lamp below. 'Bless me!' I exclaimed, as I broke my shin over a coal-box which some careless gyp had left upon the landing—'bless me, how dark it is up here! I suppose the authorities do not allow the sizar's oil-lamps which burn on the other staircases.' After stumbling about in the dark, I at length reached the door of Smith's domicile, rapped, but, without waiting to be bidden to enter, opened it and went in. I was certainly shocked at the sight which met my gaze. The room was without carpet or curtains; the furniture consisted of only two chairs and an old table, at which, wrapped in an old, rusty, moth-eaten railway rug, looking paler and thinner than when I had last seen him, my friend was seated, studying by the light of the oil-lamp which he had taken from the staircase, thus accounting for the darkness and the breakage of my shin. Not one morsel of fire was in the grate; indeed it looked, as I found out afterwards was actually the case, as if it had had no fire in it for a long time, the poor sizar

begrudging himself the commonest necessities of life to enable him to send the proceeds of his well-earned scholarships to his widowed parent and ailing sister. Smith started to his feet as he recognised me; the bright flush which had suffused his face on my proposing a few days before to accompany him to his rooms, again took possession of it, as he said, with a touch of annoyance in his tone, though still with the same soft and gentle voice, 'Oh! why did you come here, when I asked you not to do so?—this is not kind, when I do not want you.' I was conscious that my presence was an intrusion; but, as my motives were pure and honest interest in my new friend's welfare, I felt less awkward and confused than I might otherwise have done. 'My dear fellow,' I replied, 'believe me, I have no wish to intrude upon you; I was anxious to know how you got on in the examination, and, as you avoided me in public, I am therefore compelled to seek you in the privacy of your own rooms, if I would obtain any information concerning you.'

The sweet, gentle smile again stole over his face, as, looking at me as though, with his large, melancholy, yet deeply-sunken eyes, he would read my sincerity in my face, he said, 'It is very good of you to feel an interest in me. I have done even better than I expected, thank you; and if I can only manage to keep up during the next few days, I shall, I trust, have acquitted myself well; but I do not feel very well, and I have a dread which I cannot shake off, lest I should break down before my work is over.'

As he said this he placed his hand upon his brow, and sank his head upon the table.

'Cheer up, my dear fellow,' I said; 'you are a peg too low, as some of our men say. You want a short rest; just come over to my rooms and coach me a little; I sadly want it, and the change from one occupation to another will do you good.'

After a long resistance, as he saw he could not get rid of me on any

other terms, Smith consented, and I led him in triumph to my rooms, where I took care that he should get thoroughly warm; which he did with the assistance of a good fire, supper, and some brandy and water. When he became more himself, we read together for an hour or more, as I wished it to appear—na, indeed, was really the case—that I was the person under obligations, and not him. After our reading was over, taking his hand, I said—

‘Smith, you cannot think how much good your judicious explanations of these, to me so difficult subjects, have done me. I feel now, for the first time, that I shall get through the examination. You have saved me the expense of a private tutor, and most likely the great annoyance of a pluck; you must, therefore, allow me to repay you in some slight degree the favours you have conferred, by permitting me to supply you with lights and fire, until the result of the examination makes you independent of all future care and anxiety on behalf of your relatives.’

Tears started to the poor student’s eyes as I concluded, and, pressing my hand, he replied—

‘I feel that what you have said has been said only out of kindness, and, though you really owe me nothing, to refuse your offer would be false delicacy on my part. I accept it, therefore, thankfully as a loan, and I trust that I shall be able in a very short time to repay you.’

‘Never think of repaying me,’ I said. ‘You are busy, and of course cannot spare time to come to my rooms; I must therefore come to you; and certainly, though tolerably hardy,’ and I laughed, ‘I cannot sit as you do without fire, when the thermometer is below zero.’ With this remark we parted for the night.

No one who has not been present at the reading of the List—for by this term the declaration of the result of the examination, both for mathematical honours and the ordinary degrees used to be known—can form any idea of the poverty of the ceremony as it was conducted

some few years ago. Instead, as may be imagined would be the case on such an important occasion, the vice-chancellor, preceded by the polar bearers, as the esquire bedels were irreverently nicknamed by the undergraduates, and accompanied by the doctors in their scarlet gowns, and the proctors, followed by their bulldogs, as the attendant satellites on these functionaries are called, bearing the university statutes bound in crimson vellum and brass, and carried by a chain,—instead of these distinguished officials, proceeding in solemn state to the Senate House, there to read out in loud sonorous tones the result of the most important examination of the year, whilst the undergraduates stood around in breathless and respectful silence—one examiner, and one only, about eight p.m., hurried, list in hand, to the Senate House, and there, by the light of a wretched candle, which only helped to make the gloom more apparent, and barely served to illuminate the building sufficiently to enable him to read correctly, gave forth those weighty decisions, big with the fate of many of the eager and clamorous youths who flocked around.

To be present at this meagre and undignified ceremonial, if it deserved such a name, a few weeks after my evening with Smith, I pushed my way through the crowd of undergraduates who were congregated in front of the Senate House, waiting, with noisy impatience, for the doors to be open, and the list to be read out. The one examiner had not yet made his appearance, his delay being doubtless caused by the difficulty of deciding the fate of some luckless wight, who had managed matters with such nicety as to leave it a subject of considerable doubt in the minds of his examiners whether he had satisfied them or not, and, consequently, whether he should be permitted at that time to pass from an undergraduate to a full-blown bachelor of arts; the final chance being only decided in his favour—so university gossip declared—by the tossing up of a halfpenny found in the M.B. waistcoat of one of the moderators. The excitement which

had so long been simmering, with regard to the proud position of senior wrangler, now burst forth into full boil. Numberless were the reports in circulation relative to the event. Now it was that three men had been bracketed equal; now, that the merits of only two had been so evenly balanced as to render it impossible to decide in favour of either. Next, it was confidently asserted that the Trinity student was far ahead of all his competitors; again, a noisy Johnian declared that the candidate from his college, he knew for a fact, was the learned and fortunate individual. A don, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who recognised me amidst the crowd, told me confidentially that he had it from undoubted authority that a hitherto unknown and unexpected student from a small college had perfectly astonished the examiners by the excellence of his papers, which were far superior to any that had been sent in for some time, and that he, and he alone, whoever he might be, would be found the first man. My thoughts immediately reverted to my friend Smith; and wondering whether it were possible that he might be the individual alluded to, I anxiously asked my friend in authority if he knew either the name or college of the talented youth he had been telling me about. He was ignorant of both; so I had to wait for some time in breathless impatience for the reader of the list to appear, having promised my friend to let him know immediately the result of the examination, as he was unable to leave his bed, his delicate frame having succumbed to the intense strain which had been put upon it by his unremitting application and his self-sacrificing privations. At last the welcome sight of a well-known and learned examiner greeted our expecting gaze, and pell-mell, helter-skelter, we followed the bearer of the list into the dirty, ill-lighted Senate House. Being a person of small stature, the reader of this important document was mounted on a chair, and after having requested silence, and fumbled for some time with his papers, for which

I could have throttled him, so impatient and excited had I become, he commenced his task. As the sonorous voice of the little man pronounced the name, 'Smith, of St. Dunstan' as the first on the list of wranglers, a loud cheer broke forth from all the small college men. But I waited for no more; heedless of my own fate, or that of any of my friends, save my newly-made one, I left the Senate House, tore headlong into college, rushed up the steep, narrow, creaking stairs which led to the poor sizar's rooms, three steps at a time, burst open the door, and, breathless with excitement and the pace I had come, sank down on his bed, gasping out, 'My dear fellow, senior wrangler—senior wrangler!' Smith evidently at first could not imagine what I meant by my wild, disjointed, disconnected sentences, and thought I had taken leave of my senses; but at length, when the truth burst upon him that his labours had been rewarded by the proud position of senior wrangler, he swooned away, and it was with some difficulty, so inexperienced a hand as I was in such cases, I could bring him to himself again. At length, after having nearly drowned him, by pouring the contents of his wash-hand jug, full of icy-cold water, over him, bed and all, he revived, and his first words, on regaining his consciousness, were, 'Thank God! for my poor mother.'

Years rolled on: thanks to Smith's judicious instructions, I managed to obtain my degree; and then, having nothing but debts to retain me at Cambridge, I left that seat of learning, took orders, and had forgotten, amidst the cares of a small living (I mean small in a pecuniary sense) and a large family, all about senior wranglers, Smith, and university topics. Our venerable bishop had recently died, and a successor was appointed; but so little did the matter interest me, as I expected no promotion from his lordship, that, with the exception of his name being Smith, which must be allowed is not a very uncommon one, I was in the most utter ignorance of the antecedents of our new spiritual ruler. Our lately-appointed diocesan was

to hold his first visitation in my immediate neighbourhood, and, as in duty bound, I attended to pay my respects, and to hear what advice the head of the Church in the diocese of Churminster might have to impart. The church where the visitation was held was inconveniently crowded, which prevented my seeing the bishop on his entrance, or during the service; but the moment the charge commenced, I immediately recognised as familiar the sweet clear tones of his gentle but dignified voice. By dint of changing my position a little, I managed, though with some considerable effort, to obtain a view of the speaker, and to my astonishment, though not less to my delight, I saw in the person of my diocesan the poor sizar, senior wrangler, my old friend and dinner companion, Smith. His face, though much changed for the better by freedom from the harassing cares of poverty and too intense study and application, still retained its sweet, gentle, and rather melancholy expression. Upon my name being called, after service was over, I saw the bishop start, look at the list of the clergy before him, and then whisper something to his secretary, who stood by his side. This official, after the business of the visitation was concluded, took me

aside, and informed me that he had the bishop's orders to present me to him. I was ushered into the room where his lordship of Churminster was sitting; but recognising me at once, he immediately arose, and seizing me by both hands, whilst tears stood in his eyes, he exclaimed, 'I am so delighted to see you! I have long wished to know what had become of you, for I wanted so much again to thank you for your thoughtful kindness to the poor sizar of St. Dunstan's, who,' and he heaved a sigh, 'but for your warm fire and daily glass of wine would certainly have sunk under the fatigues and hardships he was compelled to endure.' I was very shortly after invited to the palace, and spent some delightful days in the new bishop's society, my old friend constantly reverting, with evident delight, to the cold bath to which I treated him whilst recovering from the swoon he had fallen into on hearing the joyful news that he was senior wrangler.

It is needless to say that such a man as my friend was not one to be forgetful of past kindnesses, and it was not long before I was promoted to a good living in the bishop's gift, and all because I once dined in hall on a Christmas-day.

APOLLO IN GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

FOR some months a fresh halo has been thrown around the sun. Apollo has come up from the shades, with almost more than his former brightness, to be the object of a new apotheosis. Without, for the moment, doing more than mention the illustrious head of the god which was brought last year to grace with its tender melancholy beauty the art treasures of the British Museum, we wish to notice the circumstance that Mr. Gladstone, in his capacity of Rector of the University of Edinburgh, performed the closing duties of his office in November last, by the delivery of a discourse of which Apollo

was at once the text, the type, and the centre. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not one of those who, with Mr. Grote, refuse to allow any interpretation of Greek mythological fable; who forbid a place to allegory in such a domain; and who admit neither that the deities of Greece stood on the one hand as symbols of moral truths, or, on the other, as representatives of the elemental powers of nature.

In this dissent from a dull materialism, we venture to express an opinion that Mr. Gladstone is in the right; and that, although there is room for differences as to the method to be observed, it is better

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE "GIUSTINIANI" APOLLO.

(See Page 200.)

and truer to have an approximate, or even an inadequate interpretation, than no interpretation at all.

Mr. Gladstone devoted his parting words to the members of the University of Edinburgh, to an exposition of the place occupied by ancient Greece in the Providential order of the world. We are not called upon to test the soundness of his reasoning, nor to point out painfully the difficulties of a scientific defence of his theory; but we are bound to declare that his interpretation of the central meaning of Greek mythology is at least a striking and a noble one. Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that the worship of the human form, which was the almost exclusive worship familiar to the Greek religion, was a sort of prophecy of that incarnation of the Deity which, by the Christian world, came to be considered as an historical fact one winter midnight in the manger at Bethlehem. Separating into its elements the complex stream of primitive tradition, Mr. Gladstone recognises the element of which the Greeks were the peculiar depositaries and conservators, as that which he calls the humanistic. 'What I take to be indisputable,' he says, 'apart from all theorizing upon causes, is this fact—that the Hellenic mythology is charged throughout with the humanistic element in a manner clearly and broadly separating it from the other religions of the ancient world. It has anthropomorphism for the soul and centre of all that is distinctive in it; and that peculiar quality seems to enter, more or less, into the religion of other tribes nearly in proportion as they were related to the Hellenic race.' This anthropomorphism, we are invited to believe, is the perpetuation of that prophetic Gospel of the 'seed of the woman,' which was to be the source of deliverance and recovery from the fall of Adam.

But the following passage from the brilliant speech of the Chancellor is more peculiarly to our purpose. 'If I am asked to point out a link which especially associates the early Greek mythology

with the humanistic element of primitive tradition, I venture to name the character of Apollo as pre-eminently supplying such a link. He is born of Zeus, but he is not born of Heré. Through him the divine counsels are revealed to the world as the god of prophecy and of oracle. This lamp of knowledge burning in him establishes an affinity between him and the sun; but the anthropomorphic energy of the religion is jealous of the absorption of deity into mere native power. At what period the identification of Apollo with the sun took place in the Hellenic system, we cannot say; but this we know, that it had not taken place in the time of Homer, with whom Apollo and the sun are perfectly distinct individuals. To him is assigned the healing art, and the general office of deliverance. To him, again, who remains to the last the perfect model of masculine beauty in the human form, is assigned by tradition the conquest alike over death and over the might of rebellious spirits. In his hands we find functions of such rank and such range that we cannot understand how they could pass to him from Zeus, the supreme deity, until we remember that they are the very functions assigned by a more real and higher system to the Son of God, the true instructor, healer, deliverer, judge, and conqueror of death, in whom the power and majesty of the Godhead were put forth to the world. The character of this deity, whom Eusebius calls "the most venerable and the wisest" of the whole Olympian order, affords, in my opinion, the most complete and varied proof of the traditional relationship to which I now refer. Abundant evidence, however, of the same character might be adduced under many other heads.'

To adopt a less lofty level of speculation, we proceed to say that Apollo was, in the fundamental notion of his essence, a god of health and order, who was imagined as in antagonism to the forces of a hostile nature and world. So far as he was concerned with nature, he was

the god of the joyous spring-time, who drove away winter with all his tempests and terrors; and so far as he was in relation with human life, he was the deity who humbled the pride of the oppressor, and protected the good; he it was who was conceived as purifying by propitiatory sacrifices, soothing and tranquillizing the mind by means of music, and leading upwards to a higher order of things by the instrumentality of oracles and prophecies.

In the representations of Apollo of different eras, there were to be traced in the later, as compared with the earlier, the signs of growth and development, and of variety, whether of form or of idea. The conical pillar of the earlier times, which stood exposed in the street or the market-place, and which was called from the locality where it was set up, Apollo Agyieus, had for its office to keep in remembrance the tutelary and health-bringing power of the god. Whilst art was still but an infant, it found out a way of expressing the various phases of the idea of Apollo. The contrast offered by the lyre or the arms, with which his statues were severally furnished, effectively expressed a simple symbolism. For the lyre to the Greeks stood for repose and peacefulness of spirit. And even arms themselves might be made to do duty for the same ideas—the slackened, as distinguished from the bended bow; the open, as distinguished from the shut quiver. If an antique pillar-stone was accoutred with arms, something like what appeared in the Amyclæan Apollo, and examples of which were of frequent occurrence amongst ancient statues, then the leading idea was intended to be that of a terrible and avenging deity. If, on the other hand, a lyre was suspended from old wooden images, then the idea was of the same deity in a tranquillized and tranquillizing disposition. The climax of this disposition seemed to be reached in symbol, when in the hand of the Delian Apollo-Colossus, were seen the Graces with musical instruments—the lyre, the flute, and the syrinx.

'Apollo,' says Müller, 'was a favourite subject of the great artists who immediately preceded Phidias; one of whom, Onatas, represented the god as a boy ripening into a youth of majestic beauty. On the whole, however, Apollo was then formed more mature and manly than afterwards, with limbs stronger and broader, countenance rounder and shorter; the expression more serious and stern than amiable and attractive; for the most part undraped when he was not imagined as the Pythian Citharodous. He is shown thus in numerous statues, on the reliefs of the members of the tripod, on coins, and in many vase-paintings. On these we find the elder form of the head of Apollo often very gracefully developed, but still the same on the whole down to the time of Philip—the laurel-wreath, and the hair parted at the crown, shaded to the side along the forehead, usually waving down the neck, sometimes, however, also taken up and pinned together.'

The same author, in a note appended to the chapter upon Apollo, which appears in his work on 'Ancient Art and its Remains,' singles out for especial commendation the particular head which was last year obtained for the nation at the dispersal of the Pourtalès collection. And only the other evening, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, 'On Recent Additions to the Sculpture and Antiquities of the British Museum,' Mr. Vaux, the writer, classed this head—or bust, it is difficult to call it either with perfect propriety—amongst the very finest in our magnificent collection. Many of the readers of 'London Society' have already paid more than one visit to this, the 'Giustiniani Apollo;' and some of them will have noticed—what the engraving illustrating our subject will enable even those who have not seen the original to remark—that upon the features there sits the expression of a feeling or state of mind different to any of those we have just quoted from Müller as generally incident to the sculptured representations of the

god. What this expression is we shall point out in a few explanatory sentences by-and-by.

Only a few days after the importation of this valuable and costly (2,000*l.*) work of art, the 'Athenæum' concluded a short notice of it with a cruel expression of doubt. 'Is it really an Apollo?' But it did not allow any statement to appear as to the grounds on which the expressed hesitation to sanction the authenticity of the 'so-called Giustiniani Apollo' was founded. Certainly the hair seems, to modern eyes at least, to favour the idea of a feminine rather than a masculine arrangement. But a very slight acquaintance with the eccentricities of the *coiffure* would be sufficient to determine that such an objection could scarcely be a very formidable one. Besides in Greek art it should be remembered that the hair was characteristic and significant. Although thick and long hair had been usual in Greece from the Homeric ages, yet, alongside of the custom of so wearing it, had flourished another of wearing it cut short, chiefly, it is to be observed, amongst athletes and others of their persuasion. So that when, in sculpture, we meet with a head, the hair of which is represented as close-lying and slightly curled, we may presumably decide that the figure was intended to represent an athlete. If extraordinary strength and masculine power and development had to be represented, the short locks of the hair would assume a stiffer and more crisped form; on the contrary, a softer, more delicate, and more elegant figure would demand that the hair should be more open, curling down over the cheeks and neck in long waved lines. 'A grand and lofty feeling of independence seems to have had as a symbol amongst the Greeks, hair which reared itself, as it were, from the middle of the forehead and fell down on both sides in large arches and waves. The artistic treatment of the hair, which in sculpture has often something conventional, resulted, in earlier times, from the general striving after regularity and elegance; and

afterwards, from the endeavour to produce, by the sharp separation of the masses, effects of light, similar to those observable in the natural hair.' (Müller's 'Ancient Art and its Remains.') The difficulty of the hair is, therefore, we infer, not an insuperable one; in fact, it is scarcely one at all.

But a more real difficulty which is very apt to challenge the spectator, is the painful and suffering expression on the features of the tutelary god of light and joy and beauty. Can the idea of pain and sadness be reconciled with the person and functions of so splendid a divinity as Phœbus Apollo? It can; and in this way:—

After Apollo had slain Python, he was compelled, according to Æschylus, to expiate the shedding of the monster's blood by a sojourn and servitude in the realms of Hades—a sojourn otherwise spoken of, very naturally, as a temporary death. This legend, as Plutarch and Ælian testify, early varied to the effect that Apollo, after slaying Python, fled from Delphi to Tempe, and there made expiation. The two assertions have a mythical harmony, as may be understood from the circumstance that the city of Phere, past or through which the way of the god, ὁδὸς Ἰουιάς, to Tempe lay, was sacred to the subterranean deities.

Every eight years the combat of Apollo with Python was represented at Delphi by a boy who dramatically impersonated the god. When the conflict was over, the victorious youth set out by the sacred road to Tempe, in Northern Thessaly, in order to be purified there. The purification accomplished, he returned at the head of a *Theoria*, or sacrificial embassy, bearing in his hand a branch of laurel from the sacred valley.

Now if Apollo, undergoing a tedious and sombre journey, or serving, shorn of his beams, in the shades below, because the crying blood of Python must be satisfied—if Apollo, so circumstanced, was a subject proper for dramatic representation, may he not have been an equally fitting subject for the artist?

Further, and more particularly, may not the sculptor of the head lately added to the British Museum have chosen to represent the god either when undergoing the death, or servitude, or suspension of glory, in his own person; or else, when periodically, at the end of every eight years, renewing the pain and mortification of that time in the mimic commemorative expiation of the boy-combatant who personated him?

It is on the strength of a possible affirmative answer to this question that the following lines have been written. If the position taken in them be tenable—and we do not very well see how it can be assailed—the ‘so-called Giustiniani Apollo’ may be regarded as occupying a place in the Art department of the Greek mythology analogous to the place held in that of Christianity by such pictures as the ‘Ecce Homo’ of Guido or of Correggio.

It may save a note if, *à propos* of the second and third stanzas, it is here recalled to the reader’s memory, that, although Achilles, the son of Thetis, met his death at the hands of Paris, it was by the advice and direction of Apollo; and also, that Apollo had slain the sons of the too rash and conceited Niobé, who for sorrow wept herself away to a stone. These otherwise disconsolate mothers, in sympathy with a reverently silent sea and land, are represented by Callimachus, in his learned ‘Hymn to Apollo,’ as forgetting their injuries whenever the minstrels struck up in praise of the Far-Darter, and the ‘Io Pæan,’ was chanted.

If the reader will kindly place himself for a moment in the position of a devout worshipper of the god, he will fulfil the main condition to be observed in joining the invocation to which we have given the title of

APOLLO AT EXPIATION.

God of the golden quiver,
God of the golden bow,
God of the shaft of gold;
Joy of the Olympian hold,
Life of the world below,
Brightness of lake and river;

God of the smiling lips,
God of the beamy eye,
God of the radiant soul—
Say what unthoughted dole,
Say what high agony,
Say what divine eclipse
Shadows thy beauty, saddens thy mirth,
Hangs heaven with twilight, with midnight
the earth?

God of the quenchless fire,
For thee the festive throng
Thy flower-prankt shrines enwreath
With incense’ balmy breath;
For thee the swell of song
Joins with the sacred lyre:
Ocean is hushed and still,
Sighless the charmed breeze
‘Mongst leaves without a quiver;
Babbles no more the river;
No more the forest trees
Wall over plain and hill:
Thetis forgives thee; Niobé stands,
Nor drops a tear on her stony hands.

Rapt with the strain devout,
Nature for love of thee,
Slackens her tireless care;
Only doth Echo clear
Labour from sea to sea,
Tossing the Pæan shout:
Jo resounding ever
Up from the earth below,
Up to the Olympian hold:—
‘God of the shaft of gold,
God of the golden bow,
God of the golden quiver;
Io! let fly at the serpent curst,
Son of Latona, “a help from the first!”’

God of the healing hair,
God of the lengthened life;
God of the city and mart,
God of the laughing heart,
End now our cark and strife,
Come with thy presence fair:
Lo! we are worthy of love,
Clean are our waiting minds,
Waiting a sight of thee:—
Come in thy beauty free,
Wafted on zephyr-winds
Soft from the regions above,
Io!—the Pæans die on our lips;
Phœbus Apollo, break thine eclipse!

Come, for the Python is slain—
Omen of ill is the word—
From the fumes of his breath
Poisoned in life and death,
Penance demands our lord;
Him, Night and Hades gain.
Ah! well may his visage gloom,
And well may his worshippers moan;
Till back in a torrent of light,
Till back in his beauty bright
He cometh, but not alone;
He comes with a hecatomb;
With fires theoric his altars glow,
And penance is lost in the joyous Io!

There is not much to be known
for certain as to the history of the
head of Apollo of which we have

been discoursing. But what we can tell, in few words, we will. And for this purpose we shall adapt the information supplied by Theodore Panofka in his '*Antiques du Cabinet Poutalès*,' published at Paris in 1834.

It cannot be doubted, according to Panofka, that this beautiful marble head formerly belonged to a statue of Apollo. From the bent position and *refoulement* of the neck, it is proper to infer that the figure was a sitting one. And the loss of the entire statue is the more to be regretted, that the work of the head is in a style which has become extremely rare amongst the monuments of Greek art. It is a blending of the severity of the artists of Ægina with the boldness and freedom of Phidias. In the hair there are involutions and other details which belong of right to sculpture in bronze. To assign an epoch to the production of such a work as this, is a task presenting too many difficulties when the head alone is extant. It is more easy to recognise the nobleness of the expression, the grandeur and the majesty of its traits, as well as the mechanical genius which stamps it with a character singular for its perfect greatness.

The hair still preserves an unmistakable trace of what was once a deep colouring; a fact which induces the supposition that a light and unenduring tint applied to the flesh parts has been effaced by the action of time. It was probably on account of his use of several colours in his work, that the sculptor gave such weight and emphasis to the eyebrows and the bolder outlines; because colour would have the effect of softening down the angles and of reducing the several surfaces to harmony upon a whitish ground, the tone and mass of which would correct the sharpness left by the

chisel, a sharpness which is at present plainly distinguishable.

This head, which formed the most beautiful ornament of the Giustiniani gallery, justly enjoyed a European celebrity under the designation of the Giustiniani Apollo. It would appear that even of old the Romans did not possess the entire statue, but the head only, the merit of which they sufficiently appreciated, probably keeping it exposed in a temple, both for the worship of the devout and for the admiration of lovers of art. Of this use of a sculpture we have a striking example in the superb head of Æsculapius, found at Milo, and at present occupying a place in the Musée Blacas. This head belonged at first to a statue; afterwards, although simply a fragment, it was placed, as an object very dear and precious to art, in a chapel of Æsculapius. It bore an inscription which designated it as a votive offering; and declared, at the same time, the names of the divinity and the donor. It is very likely that the same thing happened with regard to the head of the Giustiniani Apollo; since no other fragment belonging to the statue of which it formed a part has been discovered, and since the appearance of the neck gives a decisive technical verdict against the supposition that the original work was no more than a bust.

It should be added that Mr. Charles Newton, Keeper of the Greek Antiquities in the British Museum, to whose most kind and active interest both the artist and the present writer are much indebted, inclines to the opinion that, as the Giustiniani family were formerly the masters of Scio, the production of the statue of Apollo, the head of which is still named after them, may be presumably referred to that island.

A. H. G.



A GLANCE AT THE LIFE OF LAURENCE STERNE.*

ABUSE is a sign either of affection or of jealousy. Our enemies, if they are not also fools or rivals, do not generally waste their precious time in pointing out our defects either to ourselves or to anybody else. The sweet morsel of censoriousness is left for the most part to be rolled under the tongue of our friends and admirers. Every drawback from excellence, in proportion to the vehemence with which it is insisted on, is a left-handed tribute to a residuum of worth or greatness after that drawback has been handsomely allowed for. A whispered suspicion of the honour of a Cornhill burglar would be something akin to an absurdity; and a mild caveat against the benevolence of a murderer would be very like an impertinence. We are exigent in our demands for *chiaroscuro* in character; we desiderate the picturesque in our processes of mental analysis. The sun must not be without a spot, or even an eruption. The good must not be perfect; the great must not be measureless; the bad must not be irredeemably depraved; the little must not be microscopic. The devil, or an advocate who holds a brief from him, will demur to the canonization of the saint; and the saint will protest with bated breath that the devil is a piebald, and not so uniformly black as some prejudiced artists have depicted him. We know by relation and comparison. The altitude of an Alp is then most pointed when it is supposed to spring from the level of the sea. The glory of one nation is best evidenced by reference to the degradation of another. The nobleness of an individual is recognised by contrast with his fellows; and the strength or weakness of particular faculties and sentiments is understood only by allowing for the strength or weakness of their contraries.

Intellectual gnantry offers the fairest quarry when we would fly our falcons at peccadilloes. The *man*

is perched, like a St. Simon Stock, on the pillar of his genius; and at its base the sacred geese with hiss and cackle keep their watch and ward. The *man* cannot abdicate his mental greatness; like a city set upon a hill, he stands forth to view; and it would be a hopeless attempt if he endeavoured to cloak any inelegance in his pose or default of symmetry in his proportions.

The nearer the approach to perfection in any object of admiration, the more vexing is the flaw that will intrude itself on the intolerant consciousness. Our love of an object—of course we put away the *spooney* sentimentality that is proverbially blind—our love of an object is the measure of our painful perception of its shortcomings. If the heroes in our Walhalla were all perfect, they would be all alike; as it is they are differentiated by their faults as much as by their excellencies. We can neither praise without insinuating blame, nor blame without suggesting praise. Discrimination apart, our commendation would expend itself in the monosyllabic 'nice,' so comprehensively and exquisitely appropriate to the various delicacies of feminine criticism. Now a 'nice' man is about as flavourless as an epicurean god—he has attained to the neutrality of a washed-out cloud, to an apothecosis of ethereal insipidity.

It was not the intermittent outbreak of a septennial morality that made England shudder at the irregularities of Lord Byron, as Macaulay would have us believe. 'In general,' says the latter, reviewing Moore's Life of the former, 'elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand

* 'The Life of Laurence Sterne.' By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., M.R.I.A. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author and others. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1864.

against vice. We must teach liberties that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated; our victim is ruined and heartbroken; and our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

This is perhaps true so far as the phenomena are concerned; but for these phenomena there are deeper reasons than the mere caprice to which the author assumes that they are to be referred. Macaulay's protest against injustice, as levelled at Lord Byron, falls wide of the mark. England was tearfully indignant that the greatest poet should also be the greatest reprobate of the day. The gravamen of the charge against 'Don Juan' was that he had made his grand *début* as 'Childe Harold.' The existence of a speck will be as widely known as the brilliant fame which it tarnishes. Imperfections become immortal when they cluster about a deathless name. It is not that Lord Byron was singular in his moral eccentricity that he was selected for singular denunciation. Others had sinned and suffered by the thousand; but commonplace vice could not be accommodated with a splendid gibbet on which to enact the scarecrow, or creak *peccavi* to the midnight. Vice alone, whether in peer or peasant, will only entitle a man to fall in with the *ruck* of sinners, who are to be hooted and lamented in the mass.

Venons à nos moutons. In that

bloodless eighteenth century, from the dreary genius of which we have been mercifully delivered, when the life of the Church was the galvanism of intrigue, we owe it to the memory of the Reverend Laurence Sterne to believe that there were hundreds of clergy before whom he stood out in the bold relief of an apostle. If he had only manured his glebe; if he had only fought his cocks; if he had only drunk and swore and gambled like a mob of other cassocked blackguards, history and charity would have whined out their sweetly harmonious *requiescat*, and left him to his rest in 'the tomb of all the Trullibers.' With a wildness approaching hysteria, Thackeray has told us what Sterne was, or seemed to him to be. Fielding and his disciple, Macaulay, by painting a background of his clerical contemporaries, have challenged for him some title to honour for not being what he was not. But it was time that Sterne should be championed more directly than by inference; and Mr. Fitzgerald has come to the rescue in a couple of warm-hearted but not overreaching volumes, that offer the first clearly-defined full-length portrait of one of the great masters of English humour. The vulgar notions about Sterne—fixed especially by the publication of Mr. Thackeray's 'Humourists'—and the kind of multifarious research which any one who would guide to a truer and larger estimate would have to practise, are stated by Mr. Fitzgerald as follows:—

'The popular view—the figure of Sterne in the stereoscope, as it may be called—is that of an abandoned clergyman, free of manners, gross in speech and writings; a Joseph Surface in orders; a false, whining, and canting parson, who sold his sentiment to the booksellers; a cold, unfeeling, heartless, "mountebank," that whimpered over a dead donkey but left his mother to starve; a cruel and neglectful husband, a cold father, and a hollow friend; one that corrupted his age with a foul stream of written impurity, and poured out his corruption upon a spotless and reluctant generation;—in short, "the foul satyr," "the coward;"

"the wretched worn-out old scamp;" "the feeble wretch," and "mountebank;" as, indeed, he has been painted in the vigorous language of one of the best masters of English of our day. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that this is the *carte-de-visite* of Sterne that is best known and most familiar to the world. On the questions arising out of Sterne's morals, and manners, and writings, I have not ventured to pass any very decided judgment, merely submitting to the reader's consideration such facts as seem to have proper weight. It will, at least, be conceded that in this respect there has been great exaggeration. But on other questions—the questions whether his sentiment was false and mere tinsel, whether his nature was kindly, genial, generous—I have ventured to offer a decided opinion—an opinion in which I dare to hope that those who shall kindly accompany me to the end of this narrative will join.

'The curious student, seeking information as to how this eccentric lived, and for that special key to a man's works which is hung up only on one of the innumerable pegs and hooks which line the passages of his life, must hunt up the encyclopædias and dictionaries for a bare column or two, which the new dictionary has filched from the old encyclopædia, and which the newer encyclopædia has helped itself to from the older dictionary. He will, indeed, light on an excellent discriminative sketch by M. Walcknaer, in the wonderful and confounding roll of memoirs known as the "*Biographie Universelle*"—a monument of that special combination of enormous canvas and miniature details in which Frenchmen, and Frenchmen alone, excel. It is critical, philosophical, and galvanizes the hitherto dry bones with true French spirit; yet it is but a very brief article. In this magazine and that, he will light on a stray paper or two—curiously exact reproductions of each other. There is the vigorous and, it must be said, cruel sketch of the author of "*Esmond*," full of scathing satire and dramatic effects, to reach which but too many other things have

been unhappily sacrificed; with which may be contrasted an admirable "*Quarterly Review*" article, written in a true spirit of genial appreciation, yet not without a calm critical severity—a memoir full of information and happy points of illustration. The best of all the memoirs now existing are the three or four short pages which he himself had "set down for my daughter Lydia," and which are sprinkled plentifully with the dashes and interjections and customary spasmodics of the writer. Lively, graphic, and full of particulars, and thoroughly Shandean all the while, it remains the basis for all other more expanded accounts.

Any one who would desire to call up and vivify that "cadaverous bale of goods," as he styled, a few months before his dissolution, his curious figure, with a grim irony; or who would see the odd "Yorkshire Parson," with his blunted features, his sunken chest (where blood-vessels were periodically breaking), his quips and humours, must grope for himself through piles of literature contemporary with the deceased clergyman, and thus piece together for himself, with much trouble and difficulty, a kind of insufficient image. He will have to bore into the massive quartos wherein are accumulated Garrick's letters; he will have to extract a page from Warburton, a sentence here and there from Walpole, a line or two from Boswell, and, possibly, shower over all profuse sprinklings from the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" and the "*London Chronicle*." He will have to group *tableaux vivans*, wherein Jack Wilkes, Lord Sandwich, Crebillon the Son, the Reverend Edward Lascelles, the notorious John Hall Stevenson, and Charles Townshend are the more conspicuous undraped figures. And behind them he will have to paint, with suitable scenery and decorations, London in all its racketing exactly a century ago, with those dinners to which our clergyman was engaged a fortnight deep—the parties, *ridottos*, and Soho festivals, under the questionable direction of Mrs. Cornelys: then shift the stage

on to the old post-roads of France—to the grim, sandy, sea-blown square of Calais, where Dessein took him out to show him the famous chaise—to Montreuil and Amiens, the very ring of which words, at this day, when chanted loudly by the blue-frocked porters of the Great Northern Railway, stirs up all the notes and music of that "Sentimental Journey." He must reconstruct Paris too—the Paris of one hundred years ago, picturesque yet dirty; full of blind alleys and dark winding streets, overflowing with the finest ladies and gentlemen in the world, clad in the "bright clean scarlet coat," and "handsome blue satin waistcoat, embroidered fancifully enough;" together with "muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*," which, it will be recollected, was the second-hand suit which he gave La Fleur the four louis-d'ors to purchase in the Rue de Friperie;—the Paris, too, where the "young Count de Faineant" remarked how Mr. Sterne's "solitaire" was "pinned too straight about" his neck, and which should be "*plus badinant*," the Count said, looking down upon his own;—the Paris, too, where there were the little infidel dinners with the Baron d'Holbach, and Diderot, and other pleasant freethinkers; where deism was highly fashionable among fine ladies and gentlemen; and where the Sybarite Louis, with his flowing periwig, was as a sort of god—a rather dissolute divinity in truth, but still a being of tremendous power. Then we must hurry down the post-roads of France, through the rich pastoral country and the luscious wine-districts, which even now have a strange, old-fashioned look, and are inconsistent with the express-train running wild through the land: then on by rough roads, changing horses at lonely auberges—where odd postilions in shining glaze-hats, and white wool-wigs, and enormous jackboots like leather pails, come tramping forth, leading stout, round-flanked, white-speckled Normandy horses, with pink nostrils (very fierce and plunging brutes)—then struggling over the mountains into Italy, and on to Turin, where are

all the English on their grand tour. Round the lank Yorkshire parson congregate many gay figures; behind him are set many lively pictures. These are the agreeable *plaisances* we must explore for anything like a reproduction of the life of the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

'Above all, from a careful study of his own books may be gathered some sufficient knowledge of his life and character—of that poor, cruelly and ungraciously-handled character, which had so many weaknesses but so many more redeeming features. For the true direction in which to look for points of character and facts lies on the surface of an author's writings: a "working" which was never so happily turned to profit as in Mr. Forster's admirable "Life of Oliver Goldsmith."

We have no sympathy with that illiberal style of criticism that would find fault with a biographer for tracing the object of his labours to the time of the Deluge or the Creation. Personally we rather confess to a feeling that such biographers do not go far enough. If ever the Darwinian school get the length of producing a *Life*, there is hope that we shall see a model one, in which the biographee will be dodged backwards to the epoch of the very earliest geological formation. Investigation into embryonic personality is very promising, and before long may confer a departmental immortality upon its pioneer. A *Life* so treated will require a certain amount of voluminousness; and it is excusable that Mr. Fitzgerald, who had only two volumes at his disposal, should have rested thankfully at a stage considerably short of auto-chaotic genealogy. But he has properly and pleasantly contrived to introduce a good deal of interesting matter about the *Shandean* ancestry, whether direct or collateral. We, who have only a fractional part of his space at command, must be content to come to almost immediate account of Sterne himself. Originally, it is reasonably conjectured, from the county of Suffolk, there are branches of the Sterne family in various localities both in

England and Ireland. The Yorkshire branch is the one in which the glory of the family reached its culmination when it produced an archbishop, Richard Sterne (1664-1683), and his great-grandson, the Reverend Laurence of our present animadversions.

Of the thirteen children of the Archbishop only five are traceable. One of these, named Simon, married Mary Jaques, the heiress of Elvington, 'a fair estate, outside York,' and became by her the father of Lieutenant Roger, who, having taken to wife Agnes Hebert or Herbert, the widow of an army captain, and daughter-in-law of one Nuttle, 'a noted sutler,' of Clommel, became in his turn the father of our Laurence. The wedded life of this luckless pair is little more than a record of weary journeyings and continental warfare; during which, so far as Mrs. Sterne was concerned, the perils of travel were aggravated by the regular or irregular recurrence of the perils of childbirth. Mrs. Sterne, says Mr. Fitzgerald, with pathetic realism, 'was little more than a poor genteel tramp, whose chief foible lay in the direction of 'incessant parturition.' Laurence, the second of a hapless brood, who for the most part came into the world in a hurry, which was only exceeded by the hurry with which they quitted it, was born at Clommel, on the 24th November, 1713, the year of the peace of Utrecht. After much vagabondage with his wife and family, the poor lieutenant went away alone to take part in the defence of Gibraltar (1727), where, finding his life too monotonously peaceful, he managed to embroil himself in a 'difficulty' about a goose with a certain Captain Philips, by whom he was run through the body, and deftly pinned to the wall of the room in which the duel took place. The lieutenant rather survived than recovered from his impalement; and, in 1731, he died in Jamaica, a victim to a complication of 'Yellow Jack,' consumption, and the lingering effects of the thrust from Captain Philips' rapier. Uncomplaining, taking to the last such gentle exercise as his wasted frame

was capable of, he finally 'sat down in an armchair' and meekly died, to be afterwards made immortal as the original of the sketch of *Le Fevre*, piously transfigured by the filial Tristram.

Henceforth it is with this last and his immediate affairs that we must concern ourselves. At the time of his father's death, Laurence Sterne, then a boy of sixteen, was a pupil at the Halifax Free School. At this school he had been fixed since the year 1727; and he continued there until, in 1732, he entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. 'My cousin Sterne, of Elvington,' he says, writing long after, 'by God's care of me, became a father to me, and sent me to the university,' &c. 'What manner of schoolboy he was, while under the Halifax ferula, we can but conjecture, and have only dim light to help us. That he was of the fitful irregular pattern—now far behind, now crackling and sparkling in the front rank, very brilliant and very idle, which is the traditional humour of those who are to break out hereafter with a wild Cervantic course—is highly probable. "Yonder lean, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering at the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne, a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church. For shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! He shall have a sound flogging, and as soon as the young scamp is out of the whipping-room give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice were I Doctor Birch and master of the school."

'A morning paper, published long after, when Master Sterne was grown up and famous, and when all the fashionable world was eager to learn particulars of the brilliant clergyman who wrote so oddly, furnishes a bare line or so in reference to this schooltime, which, in the utter dearth of all particulars, becomes so far precious. Of a certain authenticity, too, as it was whispered about ill-naturedly that the little memoir had been furnished by the reverend gentleman himself. "At school," it runs, "he would leap when he pleased, and not

oftener than once a fortnight." A sentence pregnant with meaning for all its brevity, embodying the whole essence of Master Laurence's marks and judgment-books, his *satires*, *medicos*, and *malés*, in great capitals.

'In the course of his first year he read for a sizarship, and obtained it on the 6th of July, 1733. This, though only worth from ten to fifteen pounds, is an indication of some parts and industry. Again, that little chronicle before alluded to, which was supplied to the morning papers, furnishes us with a hint of the part he played while wearing the undergraduate's gown. All along his course, and in whatever disguise, we can track him by that irregular and spasmodic gait, opposed to all steady plodding notions, and which betokens, so significantly, that the Cervantic humours are presently to break out. At the university, says this little "Morning Post" sketch, "he spent the usual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts, if he would use them." An odd-looking, as well as an odd man, of a shrunk, restless figure, whose outline was to be seen through that regulation gown like an anatomy. It was at Cambridge that he had the first of those attacks—the breaking of a blood-vessel in his chest—which clung to him steadily all the rest of his life. He had a narrow escape, and recollected it long after. And it must be borne in mind, when we come to weigh any shortcomings, what frail, feeble frames his parents furnished to their young family; and how he only, and the scapegrace sister, as she may be called, escaped shipwreck out of all the little craft, Devijehers, Jorams, and the rest, that put out to sea with him. There was a fatal cough which clung to him perseveringly all through, and was the Old Man of the Sea of his life. Further on, this cough tormentor, and the brittle

nature of the blood-vessels in his chest, were to take their place as the regular established irritants of his days and nights.'

'It only remains, then, to tell that on the 29th of March, 1735, he matriculated; and that in the January of the following year, he took his Bachelor's degree. He is now free of the university, and is not likely to take with him into the world that sort of social furnishing which a titled Master of the Elegances shall, by-and-by, write to his son, that he received from the same Alma Mater.

'On the 6th of March, 1736, the Most Reverend Richard Reynolds, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, was ordaining deacons at Buckden, in Huntingdonshire; and among the candidates was one who had come from Jesus College, Cambridge. This postulant was a thin, spare, hollow-chested youth, with joints and members but ill-kept together; with curiously bright eyes, and a Voltairean mouth. About that mouth and eye there was no very special air of sanctity; and the name of the new deacon was said to be one Laurence Sterne, B.A., from Yorkshire. Previously, his university had granted to him the usual testimonials for Orders, which were dated on the 28th of February, 1736. Finally, at the quaint and almost Shandean town of Chester, it may be mentioned in anticipation, on the 26th of August, 1738, he was ordained priest, by Dr. Samuel Peploe, then Bishop of Chester, and became the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

'A day of doubtful omen as regards the course of his future life—an unfortunate step, which shall colour his whole coming career: for even those who shall hereafter judge of him most charitably, cannot but own that he was radically unfitted for the serious office he had chosen, and that he was but fitting sacred fetters on his nature, which would embarrass his motions at every step. In his nature there was far too much mercurial vitality for it to fall, by the sheer force of routine, into the hackneyed duties of his

profession; which, after a short struggle, would have been the result with more ordinary minds. Now was to begin for him a ceaseless struggle—his gown clinging to him like an ecclesiastical shirt of Nessus, and hampering him as he tries to turn; until at last, weary with the constant labour, he rends it into shreds, and trips along the highways and open streets without shame.

'With him it was no worse than with many of his cloth, upon whom a sort of destiny, rather than their own choice, has thrust the surplice; but who, with a humdrum mediocrity, could decently adapt themselves to its straightness. But with these wild irregulars—these *mousseux* temperaments—"with us, you see, the case is quite different;" for "instead of the cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you would have looked for, he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, *gaieté de cœur*, about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world, and at the age of twenty-six knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspecting girl of nineteen." This was the newly-fashioned priest, "carrying not one ounce of ballast," and also within a few months of his twenty-sixth year; which does indeed seem as though the picture were intended for this date of his entry upon sacerdotal life.

'But there were inducements, sufficient and substantial in a certain point of view, which hurried our new clergyman into his profession. It is not given to all men to have a primate ancestor a few branches up the family tree; or a wealthy cousin, with broad lands and local influence, who has promised to be a "father to them;" or a swelling ecclesiastical uncle, busy and bustling and political. The Reverend Laurence did no more than many of his fellows; but his misfortune

was having that "mercurial and sublimated composition" within him," and that unlucky deficit in the matter of ballast.'

After his ordination the young deacon 'left Cambridge behind him and came to York;' his patron at this city being his uncle, a political, 'noisy, bustling clergyman, Jacques Sterne, LL.D.,' who had taken in hand to further the interests of his kinsman. Mr. Fitzgerald has an entertaining chapter devoted to a description of that 'old York,' with which and its vicinity Laurence Sterne was to be so long and so closely identified; and another, piquant and picturesque, upon 'the Sterne connexions, and "the season" at York.' His painstaking diffuseness, it is not within our space possible to imitate. We shall borrow his graphic pencil for particular points of view, rather than seek to reduce the entire of his panorama.

Some chance has brought to the gay northern capital a young Staffordshire lady, with whom Mr. Sterne became presently acquainted. Her name was Lumley, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Lumley, rector of Bedal. The first love of a man like our sentimental ecclesiastic is worthy of a somewhat extended notice.

'In this gay town, then, we see the figure of this Staffordshire lady, who was to furnish Laurence with the first of that train of sentimental passions which were to become almost constitutional with him. Her Christian name was Elizabeth. Mr. Sterne used to address her in his tender correspondence as "My L.L.;" and a careless and affectionate "Dear Bess," just slipped in at the close of a letter, is the only occasion on which he mentions her Christian name. She is said to have had "a fine voice," with "a good taste in music," which gift alone would have made her very acceptable to him; for, as will be seen later, he was a passionate worshipper of that art. It is likely that at this time she was more interesting than beautiful, which was destined to be the type of all Mr. Sterne's heroines. Looking at the picture of Lydia her daughter, and attempting to trace the mother's features there, is but a

poor guide; for we see but a feminine reproduction, much softened and spiritualized, of the father's face, with that lurking humour and Voltairean sarcasm toned down into *espègle-rie*.' * * *

'This particular Lumley "*grande passion*" was honest, ardent, sincere, exaggerated, and, possibly, a little ridiculous: it almost seems to anticipate the amatory embarrassments of Werther and his Charlotte. But the age itself, it must be recollected, was fast drifting into that gentle current of tearful sensibility which kept possession of all fine ladies and gentlemen until the very end of the century. This sympathising anatomy of the affections, and careful dissection of all emotions of the heart, was to become a luxury of life, and to find its latest development in the comical sorrows of a Lady Betty in "*False Delicacy*," and the more gentlemanly agonies of Mr. Edgar Mandelbert. "Now was he to find out, let your reverences and worships say what you will of it," that love was "one of the most A-gitating, B-ewitching, C-onfounded, D-evilish affairs of life—the most E-xtravagant, F-utilious, G-alligaskinish, H-andy-dandyish, and L-yrical of all human passions;" with many more drawbacks, falling into regular alphabetical order.' * * *

'He had a sort of rustic retreat outside York—"a little sungilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill,"—to which they had given the fanciful name of "*D'Estella*." It seems to have been decorated with an abundant growth of "roses and jessamines," and was on the whole a very sweet place of resort for people in the state of mind the lovers then were.' * * *

'For two years it went on. They were as "merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch fiend entered that undescribable scene." The roses and jessamines of "*D'Estella*" were to bloom perennially, when suddenly it went forth that "*My L—*" must return forthwith to Staffordshire;

she must return to her sister Lydia, then or afterwards married to "the Rev. Mr. Botham, rector of Albany, in Surrey, and Ealing, in Middlesex." The despair and anguish resulting in this step would appear to have been extraordinary and quite exceptional.' * * *

'The way in which his emotions affected Mr. Sterne, if his own account be not exaggerated, was a little serious. Miss Lumley came out to "*D'Estella*," to have one last look at that enchanting retreat; and as soon as she had retired, and the last farewells were exchanged, "he took to his bed, worn out by fevers of all kinds." Miss S—, the sympathising confidante, "from the forebodings of the best of hearts," was happily not far away; and seeing him in this condition, wisely and prudently insisted on his making an effort, and getting up and coming to her house. And yet, perhaps, this step, though well meant, was not so judicious at this moment, if her presence had that curious and dangerous effect on Mr. Sterne's feelings, which he embodies in a very natural question to his "charmer," viz.—"What can be the cause, my dear L., that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend but I feel myself rent in pieces?" He was induced to stay with her an hour, during which "short space" he would seem to have grown almost hysterical; for he "burst into tears a dozen different times," and was visited "with affectionate gusts of passion." In this critical state it may have flashed upon "Miss S—" that her presence might indeed be accountable for these symptoms; for she was presently "constrained to leave the room and sympathise in her dressing-room;" which delicious expression stands for a whole world of Rosa Matilda's distresses and sentimental associations, as embodied in whole shelves of romantic novels.

'She returns, however, shortly, and thus addresses the agitated lover: "I have been weeping for you both," said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity: "for poor L.'s heart I

have long known it;" and proceeds to administer other favourite topics of consolation of the traditional sort. Comforted, yet not cured, Mr. Sterne could only "answer her with a kind look and a heavy sigh," and then withdrew to the absent Miss Lumley's lodgings; for he had found a sort of dismal relief in promptly hiring them on her departure. "Fanny," however (a maid of delicate mind), was in the secret of his state, and had prepared a little supper. ("She is all attention to me.") But he could only "sit over it with tears. A bitter sauce, my L—, but I could eat it with no other." The memory of "the quiet and sentimental repasts" rose up before him. The moment she "began to spread the little table" his heart "fainted within" him. "One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass!" adds Mr. Sterne, in despair, taking an inventory of the table furniture. "I gave a thousand penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. I do so this very moment, my L.; for as I take up my pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L." Then Mr. Sterne, a little artfully, brings "Fanny" upon the scene, "who contrives every day bringing in the name of L." Oddly enough, then, he begins to relate a number of personal matters that "Fanny" had remarked in him, or mentioned to him: how "she told me last night, upon giving me some hartshorn" (how skilful this stroke!), "she had observed my illness began on the very day of your departure for S—; that I had never held up my head, had seldom or scarce ever smiled, had fled from all society; that she verily believed I was brokenhearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily; that I never ate or slept or took pleasure in anything as before." Disastrous state, and most comforting tidings for his absent

mistress! Yet Mr. Sterne, who knew how to perform on that difficult instrument, woman's heart, with tolerable skill, felt that a little satisfied vanity would predominate over sympathy with his sufferings: still, if it were to bring such torments, such excessive "sensitivity" was rather to be deprecated as a gift.

"There is something almost comic in certain touches of those pictures of distress; still, this sort of naïve simplicity proves their genuineness and sincerity."

"Still this wooing does not advance—cannot be moved forward on any terms. In these letters the lover alludes to "distrusts" and doubts; and that departure for Staffordshire, when the temperature of their intimacy had reached so warm a character, makes us suspect a feebleness and uncertainty in the lady's disposition. And Mr. Sterne, telling the story to his daughter a few months before his death—a story which, for children, has always such a curious interest—hints at some such uncertain behaviour on her part. "She owned she liked me," he says, "and thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor . . . I believe she was partially determined to have me, but would not say so." And even "the good Miss S—," when consoling the abandoned in his first burst of despair, testifies to the same view: "her anguish is as sharp as yours, her heart as tender, her constancy as great, her virtues as heroic" (it is Mr. Sterne who repeats this): "Heaven brought you not together to be tormented!" She was naturally surprised that, with such favourable dispositions on both sides, there should be any hesitation or difficulties."

On the 20th of August, 1738, Mr. Sterne was admitted to priest's orders at Chester; and was inducted, five days after, into the vicarage of Sutton-on-the-Forest, at that time a dull, rude, bucolic sort of parish, as most Suttons are to this day, but having the advantage of being within eight miles of York.

'Here he is now to be established,

yet not wholly banished; something yet remains to be done before he can be finally settled. In July, 1740, he is at Cambridge, taking his Master's degree. In the next year, the bold ecclesiastical Free Lance, "Jaques Sterne, LL.D.," again strikes for him. The Reverend Robert Hitch dies, and causes a vacancy in the twenty-six York Prebends—that of North Newbald, one of the most substantial of the series, being worth some forty pounds a year.

This preferment carried with it the duty of periodical residence when his turn came round, and a house in which to reside. Amanda—Miss Lumley, to wit—had now returned to York in ill-health, and in search of better. The care and tenderness of Amandus in this juncture were worthy of all praise.

"She, however, grew worse. Mr. Sterne used to come and sit with her in those old lodgings, which, it may be presumed, he had resigned to her. Her faithful maid may have resumed her offices with "the harts-horn" and other restoratives; but it does not appear that that useful person, "the good Miss S.," ever again came upon the stage, or again sympathised in a dressing-room. The affair, however, was rapidly drawing to a crisis. One night he was with her, much distressed at the progress of her malady—"sitting by her," he says, "with an almost broken heart to see her so ill;" when of a sudden she turned to him and said—"My dear Lawry, I can never be yours, for, I verily believe, I have not long to live. But I have left you every shilling of my fortune." And upon that she showed Mr. Sterne her will. No wonder he was overpowered by such generosity. There is nothing so genuinely sentimental in all the chapters of the "Sentimental Journey." And it should not be forgotten—when, long after, we hear the world coupling his name with cold and unconjugal conduct—with what feeling and tender recollection he tells this story to his daughter Lydia.

'After such a tableau, the drop-scene was sure not to be long in

coming down. Miss Lumley's health began to mend. "It pleased God that she recovered," and in 1741 they were married. Unluckily, the proper form of the children's nursery-tales, "and they lived happily together for ever after," may not be added. So ends this Rosa Matilda love-story: Amandus and Amanda are at last wedded. The polyanthus is blooming for the present, sheltered by the friendly wall; but Mr. Sterne is only seven-and-twenty years old, and has not yet set out upon his sentimental travels.'

If Miss Lumley had died of the consumptive symptoms that threatened her, Sterne would have lost a better wife than her recovery gave him; for she would then have remained for ever the unwedded ideal of his romance and imagination. He would, perhaps immensely to his profit, have cherished the memory of a lost, and therefore ennobling passion, instead of waking, as he did afterwards, to find himself tugging at the fetters which bound him to a plain, prosaic woman, of character as yielding and amorphous as a lump of putty. His wife was an uncongenial bore; in which one frightful word is hidden away a whole world of matrimonial purgatory, where love is due, and liking is impossible. The acute reader of 'Tristram' will see much of Mrs. Sterne not very enigmatically depicted in its pages.

Let us take a peep at 'Parson Yorick' as he appears in any one of his pastoral equestrian promenades within the bounds of his parish of Sutton.

"Sometimes he was to be seen riding, and "had made himself the country talk by a breach of all decorum; and that was in never appearing better or otherwise mounted than upon a lean sorry jackass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings, who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rozinante." Clearly another parish association, which ushers in that droll sketch of the universal request in which was this clerical nag: how at last, being wearied out with midnight expresses from parishioners whose ladies were

in very critical straits, for the use of his horse to fetch medical aid, and having lost many good steeds from these charitable loans, he was in self-defence driven to the device of keeping some wretched worn-out hack, not worth the borrowing.

'On such a "Fiddleback," who was always either "twitter-boned or broken-winded, or spavined, or greazed" (Mr. Sterne knew something of horses and the ills of horse-flesh, and was to ride a good deal hereafter along the French post-roads), he was to be seen jogging along the Yorkshire lanes, never passing a village but he "caught the attention of both old and young." We can well believe it, that as he came trotting up, just waking out of a reverie, either "composing a sermon," or "composing his cough," "labour stood still, the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well, the spinning-wheel forgot its round, even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stoop gaping until he had got out of sight."

"Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting" were the *confessed* amusements of the Vicar of Sutton; and some pious works, a good deal of preaching, a good deal of love-making, of a harmless and "clergymanical" order, were his unacknowledged pleasures.'

'Did he ever fill in a heavy hour at Sutton with poetry, or, at least, with rhyme or verse-making? Curious to say, only a few scraps of Mr. Sterne's versicles have come down to us; one in the shape of a sentimental epitaph, the quality of which is such as to amply justify him in not having further cultivated this vein. Poesy from Tristram is a novelty, and deserves a place here:—

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show,
An idle scene of decorated woe;
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanic help to draw a tear.
In heartfelt numbers never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a bearse like thine;
'Twill flow while goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

'But a more characteristic speci-

men of his powers as a poet has been carefully handed down at Cox-would, from curate to curate in succession. These verses are in the quaint manner of the older devotional poetry, and in some way recall the tone of the "Soul's Errand."

THE UNKNOWN ○.

Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell.

By y^e Rev^d. Mr. St—x.

Hark! my gay Fr^d y^e solemn Toll
Speaks y^e departure of a soul;
'Tis gone, y^e all we know—not where
Or how y^e unbody'd soul do's fare—
In that mysterious ○ none knows,
But ○ alone to w^m it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom to smile or mourn.

Oh! by w^t glimmering light we view
The unknown ○ we're hast'ning to!
God has lock'd up y^e mystic Page,
And curtain'd darkness round y^e stage!
Wise ○ to render search perplex,
Has drawn 'twixt y^e ○ & y^e next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind w^{ch} is yet unseen!
We talk of ○, we talk of Hell,
But w^t yy mean no tongue can tell!
Heaven is the realm where angels are,
And Hell the chaos of despair.

But what y^{our} awful truths imply,
None of us know before we die!
Wheth^r we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding ○ on trust.

This hour perhaps of Fr^d is well,
Death-struck y^e next, he cries, Farewell,
I die! and yet for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe, and be—
Thus launch'd fr^m life's ambiguous shore
Ingulph'd in Death appears no more,
Then undirected to repair,

To distant ○ we know not where.
Swift flies the L, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or 3rd 10 thousand more 3rd told
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!

And yet who knows if Fr^d we lov'd
Tho' dead may be so far removed;
Only y^e vail of flesh between,
Perhaps yy watch us though unseen.
Whilst we, y^e loss lamenting, say,
They're out of hearing far away;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near
Concealed in vehicles of air—

And yet no notices yy give
Nor tell us where, nor how yy live;
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,
How much y^{our} desired to know—

As if bound up by solemn Fate
To keep the secret of y^e state,
To tell y^e joys or pains to none,
That man might live by Faith alone,
Well, let my sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why sh^d I wish him to reveal
W^h he thinks proper to conceal?

It is enough y^e I believe
 Heaven's bright y^e I can conceive;
 And he y^e makes it all his care
 To serve God here shall see him there!
 But oh! w^h shall I survey
 The moment y^e I leave y^e clay?
 How sudden y^e surprise, how new!
 Let it, my God, be happy too.

'There is a charming simplicity and quaintness in these lines which makes us wish their author had written more. There is, too, an earnestness, and a genuine pathos, which no ordained Tartuffe or whining sentimentalist could have given utterance to.

'We find also a stanza or so of Diego's sentimental ballad, in the story of Slawkinbergius; the whole of which incident seems an anticipation of Canning's satire on German love-making in 'The Rovers.'

Of Parson Yorick in the pulpit, Mr. Fitzgerald gives us the following:—

'Among other merits, these Parish Sermons of Mr. Sterne are marvelously short,—a wholesome precedent for long-winded divines. Some, indeed, will barely take up ten minutes slowly reading; unless those dashes and starts and turns stand for so much dramatic business, and represent pauses and play of feature.

'The fashion in which the career of Shimei is traced,—the odd comments and dramatic colouring with which it is set out,—is a perfect Shandean picture, which would be extravagant but for its perfect sincerity. This Shimei, as is well known, reflects all the fortunes of David, according to the true temper of the world. As he is prosperous, he is forward; as he is unlucky, he reviles him. "The wheel turns round once more. David returns in peace; and, had the wheel turned round a hundred times, Shimei, I dare say, in every period of its rotation, would have been uppermost." At which sycophancy Mr. Sterne breaks out sarcastically: "O Shimei! would to Heaven, when thou wert slain, that all thy family had been slain with thee, and not one of thy resemblance left! But ye have multiplied exceedingly, and replenished the earth; and, if I

prophecy rightly, ye will in the end subdue it." These modern Shimeis are the most fatal evils of society. "Tis a character we shall never want. Oh, it infests the court, the camp, the cabinet; it infests the Church. Go where you will, in every profession, you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay."

'This stroke does indeed seem pointed at a diaconal Shimei only eight miles away, and called "Jacques Sterne, LL.D."

"Haste, Shimei!" Mr. Sterne goes on, warming; "haste, or thou wilt be undone for ever! . . . Shimei doubles his speed. . . . Stay, Shimei; 'tis your patron! 'Tis all one to Shimei. Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune; marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations, from scorching hot to freezing cold, in his countenance, that the simile will admit of." (This stroke is Tristram all over.) "Hast thou been spoken for to the king, or the captain of the host?"—i.e. commander-in-chief—"without success? Look not into the Court Calendar; the vacancy is filled up in Shimei's face."

In 1743, Mr. Sterne was presented, as the husband of his wife, and by a friend of hers, to the neighbouring living of Stillington; to hold which, along with his other preferments, he had procured a dispensation. We have to skip *in toto* many graphic chapters of Mr. Fitzgerald's, having reference to Sterne's life at Sutton, his connexion with Eugenius (Hall Stevenson), 'The Demoniacs,' Yorkshire Politics, Charity and Assize Sermons, Cathedral Imbroglis, and Dr. Slop; and only state, from the one on 'Shandy Family Quarrels,' that in it Mr. Fitzgerald exonerates Sterne from the cruel and unfilial treatment with which Walpole charges him in reference to his mother. We cull an anecdote from the chapter entitled 'Mr. Sterne a Wit':—

'Entering "The George," we find Mr. Sterne sitting with a large company, chiefly "gentlemen of the gown," listening with deep offence to a smart young fellow scattering his flippancies against the clergy

and the whole *personnel* of religion—specially addressing himself to the hypocrisy of ministers. At length, when he has made an end, he turns to our Laurence, and rashly and besottedly asks if he does not agree with him. Possibly he interpreted that Voltairean mouth as being sure to deal with Voltairean matter. With a twinkle of those eyes, and a lifting of the corners of that ace-of-hearts mouth, the young clergyman ignores the question utterly, and begins to describe a particular pointer of his, reckoned the most beautiful in the whole country, but which had one "infernal trick," of always flying at clergymen. Here was warning for the incautious youth—there was mischief at the bottom of this apologue—and he should draw off while there is yet time. But he must put a question—from sheer embarrassment, perhaps. "How long, sir, may he have had that trick?" "Sir," replies the other (and we see Mr. Sterne taking his first Shandean summersault), "ever since he was a puppy!" The witting was crushed, amid the tumultuous applause of "gentlemen of the gown." The joke was presently all over Yorkshire. People now begin to respect—even to regard with awe—the man who kept such dangerous petards by him, and will be cautious of offence.

On December 1st, 1747, was born and baptized his daughter, Lydia the Second; Lydia the First having been born and baptized on October 1st, and buried on October 2nd, 1745.

Little of memorable varies the mode of Mr. Sterne's life until, in 1759, he became the subject of a second *grande passion*, to a series of which he afterwards was pretty constantly a martyr. The lady was a Miss Catherine de Fourmantelle, of a French Huguenot family, then living with her mother at York. Mr. Fitzgerald's candid advocacy and measured apology for Sterne's conduct in this affair, may serve once for all for application to those frequent *égaremens du cœur*—those many strayings of marital affection by which poor Mrs. Sterne was cheated. It is pleasant to be able

to think it likely that her unobscuring temperament saved her from the pain of detecting that she was not all-in-all to her husband.

'After one Saturday night at "Mrs. Joliff's, in Stonegate," with Mrs. Fourmantelle and her daughter, when they had stayed up very late, no doubt busy with the "bass viol," Mr. Sterne writes the following Sunday morning to tell her that "if this billet catches you in bed, you are a lazy, sleepy little slut" (Mr. Sterne used to call his daughter Lydia "an accomplished little slut"); and proposes to see her at a Mr. Taylor's—the Mr. Taylor that figured in the Blake embarrassments—at "half an hour after twelve;" and he has ordered his man Matthew "to steal her a quart of honey." For the strain of rapture in which portions of this correspondence are couched, it would be unbecoming to offer a word of excuse. They go beyond any indulgence which may be allowed to professed sentimentality. "What is honey to the sweetness of thee who are sweeter than all the flowers it comes from?" "I love you to distraction, Kitty, and will love you to eternity," with more to the same effect; and yet I am inclined to believe that this passion, as it must be called, did not travel beyond the bounds of these raptures. For there is a curious expression in one of these letters, which shows that he intended marrying this young girl in case of his wife's death. "I have but one obstacle," he wrote, "to my happiness, and what that is you know as well as I." Again, he appeals to a higher power—"God will open a door, when we shall some time be much more together." And again: "I pray to God that you may so live and so love me as one day to share in my great good fortune." It can scarcely be supposed he would be guilty of the gross profanity of these solemn appeals and allusions, if there was anything in the intimacy of the character that has been insinuated. There is a delicacy and disagreeable duty in weighing questions of this nature, and it were best to leave the question with the reader. Any one who

recklessly puts himself in so suspicious a situation—however pure his motives—cannot complain if posterity naturally judges him by the presumption of ordinary evidence. But for the feeling which could prompt him to calculate on the death of his wife, and already settle on her successor, nothing is to be said. And, curious to say, long after he was making a similar arrangement with the more famous Eliza Draper.

‘Possibly this may have been his mere amatory stock-in-trade; part of that armoury of insinuation with which he practised on the hearts of ladies; and by habitual usage his moral sense may have grown dead to the utter impropriety of such conduct.’

‘At the end of December, in the year 1759, the famous romance of “TRISTRAM SHANDY” came out at York;’ and by March, 1760, was fairly in the hands of the great public of London, to which the author was already making preparations to repair.

‘Hitherto he had not lived for the world. Neither had the men and women of fashion, nor the world of metropolitan politics, nor indeed any of the great collected coteries, which confer degrees and make reputations, bestowed a thought upon the obscure Yorkshire cleric. Now all is about to be changed. Now, as he said in one of his sermons, “the whole drama is opened”—the splendid glories of success and of London homage are waiting for him.’

From the time that Sterne becomes public property, his life, of course, becomes better known, more frequently canvassed, and more easily accessible; and we may therefore be more rapid in our sketch. Let it suffice to say that, from the very beginning of this three-months’ visit to London, he found, to his delighted amazement, his lodgings in Pall Mall besieged by all the great. ‘Even all the bishops,’ he says, ‘have sent their compliments to me.’ Mr. Fitzgerald sums up the matter by saying that ‘it was the most brilliant London campaign ever fought by a successful man of letters.’ At the end of

it he returned to Yorkshire and to rustic life, in Shandy Hall, the parsonage of Coxwold, to the living of which he had been presented while in London, by Lord Fauconberg. It should be mentioned also, that about a week before leaving town, he had launched two volumes of ‘The Sermons of Mr. Yorick’ on the tide of the popularity of ‘Tristram Shandy.’ He went back to his country cures rather in body than in spirit; the fever of London still disturbed his circulation in the country, his old resigned tolerance of which had gone for ever.

Christmas found Mr. Sterne again in London, to watch over the publication of the third and fourth volumes of ‘Tristram Shandy,’ and, *sub rosa*, to agitate for preferment. The second visit to the metropolis resembled the first; ‘from the moment of his arrival the old carnival set in.’ The second Shandy instalment was issued in the ensuing January, and ‘was received with a mixed chorus of cheers and hisses.’

It was July before the author returned to Coxwold; where, once arrived, he was soon at his desk preparing other two volumes to take to town in time for the next season. They were published December 21st, 1761, having been produced amidst much depression and uneasiness of mind and frailty of body; and to save his life, as it seemed, he took a trip to the Continent, during which he already began to take notes, *pour servir*, when he came to write, *à propos* of another later and more lengthened tour, the ‘Sentimental Journey.’

Mr. Fitzgerald’s narrative of this is like a cobweb in the sunlight. Every shining thread of interest that radiates, interlacing the concentric circles, is joined with every other fitly and artistically; but for epitomized reproduction in this place, hopelessly. His account of old Paris—the Paris of Sterne—so different from our own more recent impressions of it, are valuable as topographical, social, and political photographs. We can approach the gorgeous, squalid city of the *ancien régime* only from one or two social angles. If Sterne walked abroad,

presenting that odd, lean, cadaverous appearance which he and Mr. Fitzgerald delight in reproducing as often as possible, the question would run, 'Qui le diable est cet homme là?' and the all-sufficient answer would be returned, 'C'est Chevalier Shandy.' Mr. Sterne has not himself been very precise in keeping incidents that belong to the first excursion to Paris and Montpellier separate from those which occurred during the second, *par excellence* the 'Sentimental Journey.' The tangled threads have been diligently and lucidly unravelled by Mr. Fitzgerald; we have not space to follow him on these terms, and fall back on the elder inaccuracy of the original traveller.

Early in October, 1764, Sterne was at Dover, prepared for his campaign, with a periwig and the immortal 'black silk breeches.' Then at Dessein's hotel, Calais, about which Mr. Fitzgerald is tolerably exhaustive in his traditional and historical gossip; and finally at Paris, where the London *furor* was to be emulated in his favour. He was rather proud of his ability to meet the French on their own ground, although he could not well be proud of his French grammatical proprieties, any more than he could of his English orthography. Paris, during his stay, was merry, deistic, encyclopaedic.

'Mr. Sterne was not likely to let the laugh languish. In French society he was more popular than ever; and he has given an amusing account of the arts by which he turned the grave philosophizing mania to his own profit. On his first visit he had made friends in all directions. He knew the Count de Bissie, who affected to be reading Shakespeare when he called, the Marquise de Lambert, the old Marshal de Biron, "who had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the Cour d'Amour," and many more. The marshal talked of a visit to England and of the English ladies. "Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monsieur le Marquis, Les Messieurs Anglaise (*sic*) can scarce get a kind look from them as it is." The old beau invited him to

supper at once. His compliment to the Farmer-General, M. Popelinère, at whose concerts we have seen him 'assisting,' was just as skilful. He was asking about the English taxes; they were considerable, he heard. "If we knew how to collect them," said Mr. Sterne, with a bow. A lady, Madame de V—— (this must have been Madame de Vence, a descendant of Madame de Sévigné), placed Mr. Sterne by her on the sofa to discuss religion. She believed nothing. "There are three epochs," says Mr. Sterne, in one of his most acute observations on society, "in the empire of a Frenchwoman. She is coquette; then deist; then *dévot*. The empire during these is never lost; she only changes her subjects." Madame de Vence was only vibrating between her first and second. Yorick took her hand and mildly remonstrated with her. There was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist. The restraints of religion and morality were the outworks which protected her. "We are not adamant," he continued, "and there is need of all restraint, till lays in her own time steals in and lays them on us; but, my dearest lady," said I, kissing her hand, "it is too soon—too soon."

'Mr. Sterne had the credit all over Paris of converting Madame de Vence. She told Diderot and the Abbé Morellet, that, "in one half-hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their encyclopædia had said against it." She postponed the epoch of her deism two years.'

For the rest of the 'Sentimental Journey,' Mr. Fitzgerald plays the rôle of the historian to the epic poem; of the genial critic to the ideal and romantic; of the rationalist to the dogmatist and supernaturalist. He is the kindly, careful, and conscientious scholiast and commentator. Everybody knows his *matériel*, his ground and characters, from Moulines and Maria to the inn near Modane and the Piedmontese lady.

On the 15th November Mr. Sterne was at Turin, and stayed there a 'joyous fortnight,' in as great re-

quest as he had been in London and Paris. Thence to Milan; to Parma; to Rome; to Naples; where he remained several weeks, until the meagre figure of Yorick was actually 'growing fat, sleek, and well-liking; not improving in stature but in breadth.' During these stages of his pilgrimage he was keeping up a careful correspondence with his wife and his 'dear girl,' Lydia, who were at that time in the south of France, for the re-establishment of the health of the latter, who had been ordered abroad on account of a serious and tenacious attack of asthma. On his return homewards, Mr. Sterne found them in Franche Comté, where his wife received him 'cordially, &c;' but, notwithstanding the alarming symptoms of ill-health which her loving anxiety discovered in him, she proposed to extend her absence from England by 'another year or so.' After a pleasant sojourn at Dijon, Sterne hurried back to Yorkshire.

'As usual, Christmas again found him in London; and with the arrival of Mr. Sterne came up too the ninth "Shandy," which was published January 29th, 1767. Only one volume this time, and that a thin one of half the usual number of pages.'

Sterne was now to celebrate another of his 'grand customs,' and make love to Eliza, Mrs. Draper, the Brameine, with such fury of innocence and Platonism, that his enemies interpreted it into something very like criminality. The episode is well known, and may be passed over here, with the citation of his posthumous friend's (Mr. Fitzgerald) opinion about it.

'The most indulgent construction of this Draper episode, exhibits a frantic attachment unbecoming in one who was already a husband and a father; so suspicious, too, in its circumstances, as to require a confidence almost chivalrous to exculpate him. Still there is something to be said in extenuation, some strange facts, which it is difficult to reconcile with a harsh view of this singular episode, and to the benefit of these he is fairly entitled. They seem to me to have some weight.'

In September, his wife and daughter joined him; with the latter of whom, who had come back 'an elegant, accomplished little slut,' he was in raptures. Meanwhile, their presence at Coxwold was threatened by the longing of Mrs. Sterne for France; and he was speculating on taking the 'Sentimental Journey,' then in progress, with him to London the following Christmas.

'After Christmas-day he started with his friend Hall for town. It was to be his last journey. He was still ill, and had scarcely shaken off his fever; travelling under such circumstances was hardly prudent.

The records of his last visit to London exhibit the strivings of enfeebled and shattered health with the natural disposition to gaiety and social distraction which was to him a fateful and imperious tyrant.

His 'Sentimental Journey,' Vols. 1 & 2, with any number to follow, had been well received; but this did not mend the health of the author, who, with melancholy and misgiving, half believed himself the doomed man that we now know him to have been.

The last scene was drawing nigh. By March, 1768, he was on his death-bed, in his hired lodgings in Bond Street. His thoughts ran much upon his darling daughter, about whom he wrote to Mrs. James, a true and discreet friend, who had had the faithfulness to tell him of his faults, and the tact to do so inoffensively. Upon this letter Mr. Fitzgerald remarks:—

'So piteous and touching an appeal has rarely come from a death-bed: it was the poor, broken, gasping, dying Yorick's last letter. In it we seem to hear an humble acknowledgment of errors, and a cry for pardon for "follies which my heart, not my head betrayed me into!"—a declaration we may accept as genuine, and which is the true key to all his Shandean sins, errors, mistakes, and follies.

'This was Tuesday. Friday was the last day of his life. He seems to have been left there, at Bond Street,—alone, deserted, and entirely dependent (scarcely in the

sense he had wished) on the hired offices of a lodging-house servant.

'But little is known of his last moments. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon he complained of cold in his feet, and asked the attendant to chafe them. Some way this suggests the end of Falstaff. It seemed to relieve him; but presently he said the cold was mounting yet higher; and while she was striving to kindle a warmth in his feet and ankles, which a more awful power was driving away, some one knocked at the hall-door, and the landlady opening it, found it was a footman sent to inquire after Mr. Sterne's health. In Clifford Street close by, "Fish" Crawford was having a grand dinner-party, served by his "French cook," and most of the guests at table were friends of the dying humorist. Of the company were the Dukes of Grafton and Roxburghe, the Earls of March and Ossory; Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. Some one having mentioned his illness—Mr. James most probably—it was proposed to send to know how he was, and the footman, whose name has been preserved, was despatched to New Bond Street to inquire.

'The landlady was not able, or did not care to give him the latest news, but bade him go up and inquire of the attendant. He did so, and entered the room just as the deserted Shandean was expiring. He stood by and waited to see the end; he noted how the wasted arm was suddenly raised, as if to ward off something, caught a murmur of "Now it is come!" and then saw his frame relax in death.

'This was Yorick's end—a footman and a sick-nurse watching his agonies. The footman went his way back to the merry party of gentlemen in Clifford Street, and told what he had seen. The gentlemen, he says, were all very sorry, and lamented him very much. We can almost hear the after-dinner panegyric. Hume and Garrick could have told of his freaks in Paris, and bewailed with convivial grief how Yorick had been no one's enemy but his own. Mr. James could have

said something about 'his good heart. Then, as of course, the claret went round, and Lord March went back again to the praises of "the Rens," or the "Zamperini."

'So Yorick passed away, lonely, abandoned. Not in this sense, truly, did he mean that poor bald scrap of philosophy, which he had set down in his *Tristram*, to be interpreted—when he wished to die in an inn, and to have the cold hired offices of strangers to soothe his last moments. This was a poor bit of Shandyism, set down to startle the crowd. Perhaps it came back on him when he saw the footman standing in the doorway, and felt the woman secretly stripping him of his ornaments. For it was said, that while one hired hand was chafing poor Shandy's icy limbs, the other was busy plundering him of his gold sleeve-buttons. But, as will be seen, a still more horrid mystery—like the *feu follet* of a grave-yard—was destined to overshadow what remained of Yorick.'

Here we would leave him; for after death the shadows thicken. His burial was mean. A single mourning-coach with 'two gentlemen inside' formed the funeral procession to the 'new burying-grounds near Tyburn.' But he had still, at the bidding of science and ogre-like rapacity, one other most ghastly and unsentimental journey to perform unwittingly, in the packing-case of resurrectionists; and his hideous lying-in-state took place, *after* his interment, on the table of the dissecting rooms of Professor Collignon, of Cambridge. We have no heart to proceed further; and there is no object to be gained by a forced moralising on the verge of loathliness. Let the gentle readers of 'London Society' shed their tears before pity has made acquaintance with shuddering and disgust. Without taking up the poor mutilated and anatomized cranium, it is possible to speak out a heartfelt of feeling in the old pathetic formula, henceforth thrice pathetic:—

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

A. H. G.

PATTY'S REVENGE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

'WHO'LL have a game of croquet?' exclaimed one of three idle young men, who had been lazily knocking the balls about the ground. 'It's going to be piping hot to-day; the sooner we persuade some of those young ladies to come out the better.'

'Persuade away then,' answered his companion—'England expects every man to do his duty. I suppose it's the duty of Henry St. George to make himself generally agreeable. Hurrah for the 13th of August!—it will be St. George's duty to make himself exclusively agreeable to the grouse after that day. To-day is the 2nd. I can stand a few days' repose after the fatigues of my journey, unless the young ladies are unusually heavy on hand.'

'Here come three; Grahame, with his mallet, brings up the rear. They are not all sisters, that is clear enough.'

'Shall it be gentlemen *versus* ladies?' inquired Mr. Grahame, as he came on to the ground.

'That can't be fair,' remonstrated Mr. St. George; 'we shall be too strong for the ladies.'

'Not at all,' exclaimed three voices at once; 'we defy you. Our skill is a match for your strength.'

'So let it be then,' said Mr. Grahame. 'Henry St. George, Fernham, and myself fight the three ladies: it is their own fault if we win; they defy us. Hoare, you lazy fellow, you may look on.'

That same party had not met before on Cranbourne grounds: certain preliminary rules had therefore to be arranged. 'Were local rules to be followed, or must printed rules be binding? Was the game to have captains, or should each player be independent?'

'Blue ball begins!' called out Mr. Grahame.

'Patty, that's you,' said Mabel Grahame, his sister; and a pretty

girl, dressed in white muslin with blue ribbons, stepped forward mallet in hand.

The three girls playing croquet that morning were Mabel Grahame, Rose Melville, and Patty Mitford, all in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and good spirits.

Mabel Grahame's home was at Cranbourne. She was tall, dark, and elegant; her composed, stately manner would lead one to suppose that her dress had not occupied her thoughts for one minute; and yet the effect had been studied, from those violet silk stockings, Balmoral boots, delicate green and white muslin looped up over her ample crinoline, to the little white straw hat on her head. And not one pin or hair was out of place.

Mabel knew that her estimate in the world's opinion stood high, and the value she placed upon herself was certainly not too low. Rose Melville was every one's friend, but nobody's love; merry, laughing, ready for every exertion, seconding every one's proposal, falling naturally into the seat which no one else would take in a carriage, always good-humoured, she was an excellent confidante, because her sympathies were so ready, and was a born daisy-picker. She was small and a brunette; no one had been known to decide whether her bright face was pretty or not; every one liked to look into Rose's face, and what did it matter why they looked again?

Patty Mitford was pretty,—there could be no two opinions on that subject; though, whilst none doubted about liking Rose, Patty had her warm admirers and her equally warm detractors. In every movement of her small, well-rounded figure there was an expression of decision and determination. She was a blonde: the braids of her light pale golden hair did not conceal the contour of her well-shaped head; her features were small and finely cut;

there was an air of firmness in the lines of her jaw and of her well-curved mouth; her face was lightened up by the deep-blue eyes which openly returned your gaze with a look, as her humour might be, of fun, frankness, courage, or defiance, but which seldom bore that expression of gentleness to be looked for in eyes of heavenly blue.

Patty was young, happy, strong in her strength, and in her own attractions. She felt the world before her, and, with the happy confidence of youth, she believed that her lot was in her own making. She enjoyed her life, because hitherto the world had only spread out its smiles and its favours before her. Disappointment, sickness, or weariness were words without meaning to her—she had known nothing of them in her own home, and she carefully eschewed meeting with them in the homes of others. Such words seemed truly to have little connection with the strong frame and happy face that handled her mallet so actively this August morning.

Cranbourne Towers was a pleasant place in which to spend a long vacation or a summer holiday; and the Grahames were pleasant people to have as host and hostess.

Cranbourne combined many attractions. There was a commodious house facing the sea, standing in extensive grounds, where old timber and rare shrubs abounded: a silvery stream enclosed by the grounds, forced its way through fern-covered rocks and narrow valleys to the parent sea, and added by its presence much to the beauty of the place. Cranbourne offered good shooting to the sportsman: it was in a moor district, and grouse and black game were plentiful on Mr. Grahame's estate; the disciple of Izaak Walton found trout dashing swiftly in and out of the dark pools shaded by the rocks, so carefully preserved by their owner, that they only awaited some skilful hand to draw them to land. The pedestrians, and those who dabbled in ferns, found occupation sufficient; whilst for the young ladies, and those who, like Mabel Grahame, came languid and fagged from the labours of a London season, gentle

sea-bathing, a saunter in the dene, a drive with Mrs. Grahame's white ponies, or, as the acmé of exertion, a game of croquet, was at their service. There were greater exertions prepared for those who, like most of the present party, brought youth, country health, and country spirits to aid their enjoyment.

Fernham, St. George, and Hoare were friends of Mr. Grahame. They were collected, with guns and dogs, to do honour to the approaching 12th of August, 'St. Grouse's Day,' as it has before now been termed, and, so far, with reason, for few saints' days of the Gregorian calendar receive an equal homage, from, at least, the male portion of the population. These men had been college chums together, and found a zest in recounting their old experiences, which the society of more recent friends never gave them. Grahame had married a wife, and had settled at once into a country gentleman and magistrate; Fernham was converted from mad Fernham of college days into the steady rector of a country parish; Hoare was junior partner in his father's bank; whilst Henry St. George had found a berth in the Treasury, which enabled him to be as much about town as he could desire.

Men about town certainly have an advantage over their country neighbours in dress and appearance, and in a general knowledge of everything that is going on, which is often useful, and which at a dinner-party is quite invaluable.

St. George could not only boast of London polish over his companions, but had by nature been endowed with some of her choicest favours.

He was well-made, with handsome features, good eyes, and a rich melodious voice. He had never earned the character of a flirt; the utmost that could be said of him was, that he knew his power in women's society, and was always at ease when with them.

He was agreeable, pleasant, good-looking; not made of the mould from which heroes or the great men of the world spring, but of that commoner mould from which good sort of men come, who, though

unable to carve out a lot for themselves, can fill the one ready carved for them satisfactorily and well.

The Fates had borne these people together, to spend a month in a country-house; collected them from Gloucestershire, Derbyshire, London, and Herefordshire, into this remote place in Scotland; as they are always, even at this very time, sending those to meet who for long years have been travelling unconsciously towards each other, destined to play some eventful part in each other's life's history. Thousands will meet, and part asunder again as they met; but the month to some may be the month of their lifetime, colouring all future events for them; the hidden era from which they date all future occurrences.

'I have missed the ring,' exclaimed Patty, with an impatient swing of her mallet; 'well, at any rate I don't often miss.'

'Are you a formidable enemy?' inquired Mr. Fernham.

'A dangerous enemy, but a constant friend,' replied Rose for her companion.

'Pray class me at once amongst your friends,' exclaimed Mr. Fernham.

'How can I? you are on the enemy's side,' she said, laughing; for having passed through her ring, she struck Mr. Fernham's ball and croqueted it far away.

'If you deny me your friendship, at any rate treat me mercifully, for I am weak; pity me.'

'I despise weakness; I never pity: let all have a fair start for the fight, and those who can't win may go to the wall.'

'Oh, Patty! how can you say so?' said Rose, with a shocked face.

The game progressed briskly; each ball struggled its way through the nine rings towards the first post. 'Every man for himself, and God for us all,' is the world's version of 'Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you,' and every man for himself is the first rule in croquet. No quarter allowed. 'Be just, but never be generous,' are croquet maxims. Though you are a rover, and you know you are on the winning side, no feelings of

pity must come between you and your prey, that red ball, which has been pursued with ill luck all through the game, and is owned by Miss Cobb's weak wrist; every time it reached a ring, it has been mercifully knocked away by some strong arm. There it goes again! Poor Miss Cobb! your party have been waiting so long for you to get through those last three rings; and feeling that all eyes are upon you, only makes you more nervous, more certain to hit up far beyond the desired goal.

You must not look cross, whatever your feelings may be, and though you are silently vowing that nothing shall ever tempt you to hold a mallet again; a vow only made to be broken, for, in the present day, a young lady might as well chronicle a vow never to walk out of her own grounds, as never to attempt to drive a round ball through a ring on the lawn again.

There was no Miss Cobb on Cranbourne grounds to-day, inwardly suffering, outwardly smiling. The three young ladies made a good fight for victory; and for any croquets they received they returned a fair equivalent.

'What a muff, Fernham, to have missed that ring!' exclaimed the host of Cranbourne, impatiently; 'can't you see straight before you?'

'Mabel, that is a spoon,' he says to his sister, as she executed some good hit, straight across the field.

'A fluke, if you like, Mr. Grahame,' suggested Patty, 'but certainly not a spoon.'

At first the ladies seemed to carry all before them; they knew the ground, which none of their adversaries, except Mr. Grahame did—and to know your ground is a great pull in croquet science.

The girls' balls kept together; they had no acknowledged captain, although Patty Mitford unconsciously took the lead; no event in life is too trifling to show strength of character, or the power of a firm will over weaker ones.

Still, towards the close of the game, the gentlemen had recovered lost ground; they were ahead, with

the exception of Mr. St. George's ball, which was lagging behind.

'All depends upon the green ball,' exclaims Patty, excitedly; 'do hit it, Rose!'

Rose does her best; takes steady aim, and—misses. Patty stamped her foot, by way of letting off the annoyance which politeness prevented her expressing in words.

'How unfortunate!—I am so sorry!' said Rose.

'It's an ill wind that blows no one any good,' remarked the owner of the green ball; 'I shall get on now.'

It was his turn; the ball went through two rings, but hit the last ring, and struck away.

'Hurrah! I am so glad!' exclaimed Miss Mitford, clapping her hands with delight. Even Mabel Grahame smiled, but gently; her expressions of pleasure and surprise dared not be so vivid as those of Patty Mitford, for fear she should disarrange the beautifully plaited coils of her back-hair, so tastefully arranged on her neck.

It was Patty's ball to play next. With a steady hand she hit the green ball, and croqueted it behind its ring, far across the lawn.

'The game is lost,' exclaimed Mr. Grahame; 'the next lady's ball will hit them off, Miss Mitford has brought them so close to each other.'

Mr. Hoare, who was lying on the grass, looking on, called out—

'Not lost yet, Grahame! a lucky chance may still turn the game!'

'We feel very safe,' said Miss Mitford, turning towards him, with a smile of conscious success.

It had come round to green ball's play again. Green ball played, and, by a lucky chance, hit some thirty yards across the field, through the last ring, and stopped close upon Miss Mitford's ball.

The excitement was intense. At the next hit, Patty's ball was croqueted.

'What shall I do with it?'

'She's a dangerous enemy; hit her off; make her dead,' exclaimed Mr. Grahame.

'No, no; that would be very shabby play!' cried out the three ladies.

'Do it, it's allowed by the rules!'

Before another protest could be made, blue ball had ceased to live; it had struck the post, and died ingloriously by the hand of its enemy. St. George's stroke was a death-blow to the ladies' side; two more hits, and the gentlemen threw up their mallets in token of victory.

Patty looked very indignant. She never liked being contradicted or thwarted; but it was especially provoking to see success slip from her when so nearly within her grasp.

'You need not fancy that you have won the game fairly,' she said, walking up to Mr. St. George, who was standing a little apart from the others; 'at any rate, it is a mean, cowardly way of winning a game, which I utterly despise!'

'I followed the orders of my leader,' replied Mr. St. George, rather surprised at being so summarily attacked by a young lady to whom he had not even had an introduction.

'That is no excuse,' she replied, angrily; 'you've quite spoiled the game; it is a pity to be so weak that you cannot choose fair from foul play,' she added, scornfully.

'This warm-tempered young lady is excessively pretty,' thought St. George to himself. 'I had no idea I was committing a capital offence,' he added, deprecatingly; 'I am very sorry you are annoyed.'

'It is not that I am annoyed,' said Patty, 'but I hate anything sneaking; I like a fair, open fight; and I do call it sneaking to kill an enemy's ball for fear it should hit you away!'

She turned to join Mabel and Rose, who were coming across the field; they rallied her on being so excited; they had borne their defeat with much more philosophy. She listened without replying, for she was thoroughly cross—with the game, the ground, the gentlemen, and with herself; more cross than the occasion required, she must confess.

'It's very hot,' she said, as she reached the house. And entering by the drawing-room window, she seated herself in a low easy-chair,

where she remained, with a novel upside down on her lap, in a sleepy kind of meditation, until the luncheon bell rung.

Can I persuade any one to drive out with me? inquired Mrs. Grahame; 'I have several calls to make.'

No one volunteered; every one thought the heat so great, that a slow saunter on the shore was all they felt inclined to do.

'I know,' said Mrs. Grahame, 'what that means; you will scramble over the rocks, and when I return from my drive, I shall find you tired and exhausted. However, please yourselves.'

Mrs. Grahame prided herself upon allowing her visitors to please themselves; she provided various means of amusement, and liked every one to select those which they preferred.

There was some loitering about the billiard-table after luncheon, a pretence at a game of play with the little Grahames, who were starting, with a staff of nurses, for their afternoon exercise, until the three young ladies appeared, each with a novel in her hand, in sea-shore costume. Sea-shore costume meant a material warranted not to lose colour from exposure to sea air, not to show sand or marks of water, and not to tear from friction with sharp stones.

'We were thinking of trying some rifle-shooting on the beach,' said Mr. Fernham; 'shall we disturb your literary studies?'

'Not at all,' was the reply; 'we will look on; what is your target?'

'Champagne bottles,' answered Mr. Fernham.

The rifle-shooting continued some time. Patty accepted the rifle which was offered to her, the two other girls having refused it. Her wrists were strong, her aim steady, and she hit well.

Rifle-shooting cannot continue for ever; they wearied of the amusement, and giving the rifles into the care of the servant, the pleasure hunters this sultry afternoon sought some other mode of killing time.

'I should so much like to see if the *Asplenium marinum* has spread

since last autumn,' said Rose; 'it grows in a cave round that point.'

'The *Asplenium* how much?' inquired Mr. Hoare, who was walking by her side.

'*Marinum*,' she answered; 'it is a rare fern; and yet it grows profusely in this cave.'

Rose was a fern collector, *con amore*.

Notwithstanding their asseverations to Mrs. Grahame, they began their scramble over the rocks to the cave where Rose wished to go.

The young lady visitors at Cranbourne always enjoyed scrambling over these rocks, cutting their boots and wetting their feet; and, whether or no the young men enjoyed it, they always followed. It was a taste akin to the strange one which impels all visitors, at some sea-bathing places, to walk in a stooping position, at the imminent risk of bringing on congestion of the brains, in search of minute fossils and stones, usually of no value when discovered. They had a beautiful walk round several points to the cave; and although the fern was a subject of interest to no one except Rose, the spot where it grew unseen, moistened by the splash of water at high tide, was, from its beauty, interesting to every one. It was a fitting abode for Andersen's mermaid princess when she rose from her emerald home to gaze on the blue sky, which was, to her mind, a part of her hero prince.

The tide was out, but the cave was still moist from the receding waters; the reflected rays of the evening sun caught the green, damp, and coloured stones of the arches in the cave, and lit them up with a thousand lights. The party seated themselves on the stones, and forgot the course of time whilst they watched the fishing-boats and the ships in the distance, and sang glees and merry songs.

Mabel was the first to disturb the party, by jumping up in alarm. Not the approaching tide caused her fears, but—

'It is dressing time; we shall be late for dinner!'

The unwelcome summons might not be disregarded; and careless of

pools of sea-water, wet feet, and bruised ankles, they retraced their steps to Cranbourne.

It was a moonlight night; an August moon was pouring its full rays on the blue sea. Where is there a more lovely sight than the rich harvest moon shining on the calm blue sea, making one low narrow line of light from the coast to the distant horizon, and suggesting to the mind the path of light by which the angels descended from heaven as by a ladder, when they bore messages of love to the wearied son of Israel?

Mrs. Grahame looked out of the drawing-room window after dinner, and said, 'It was despising heaven's gifts to remain within four walls on such an evening,' so they all adjourned to the terrace overlooking the sea, and walked up and down until after ten o'clock.

Patty walked by the side of Mrs. Grahame, and was more silent than usual. As the rest of the party returned to the house, she lingered near the porch, professedly to gather a rose, until Mr. St. George came up to her. He had been standing at the further end of the terrace, alone. She turned round abruptly as he approached her, and said, with heightened colour and in a confused manner, 'Mr. St. George, I beg your pardon for—the croquet ground—what I said this morning; I am afraid I was rude; I felt so angry.'

Henry St. George was surprised at Miss Mitford for the second time that day.

In the morning he had been astonished at her warmth and extreme frankness; this evening he was still more astonished at the candour of her blunt apology.

'Oh, Miss Mitford,' he replied, 'how can you give it a moment's thought? All is fair in croquet; people say and do as they choose. I have no doubt unintentionally I gave you great provocation.'

'It was very provoking,' said Patty, heartily; 'I am glad it was unintentional, although I am sorry to have been rude. I don't think I could have forgiven you, had you known what you were doing!'

'Your anger shall be a lesson,' answered her companion, amused; 'I will never do so again. Am I forgiven?' he inquired, offering her his hand.

'Mutually forgiven?' asked Patty, smiling frankly.

He held her hand in his, a tighter and a longer clasp than the occasion seemed to require.

The following morning Patty found on her plate at the breakfast-table a scarlet geranium. She did not require to be told who had placed it there; but she transferred it to the band of her dress, and from thence to her hat, where she wore it all day.

Each morning the same little attention was repeated.

It is not to be supposed from this that Henry St. George and Patty at once lost their hearts to each other. Nothing was further from the intention of either. 'A pretty, amusing, spirited little thing,' was his remark. And Patty, in her confidential conversations with Rose Melville at night, declared that he was the one man in the house she could not get on with: 'He is so quiet, so self-possessed, and I am always saying something out of the way slang or startling to shock him; it is such fun, I feel that I must. Fernham and Hoare are a thousand times jollier!'

Patty would have scorned, as milk-and-water young ladyism, to have added 'Mr.' to the surnames of her acquaintances.

St. George, as he smoked his pipe at night in the billiard-room—for fine gentleman though he was, he did smoke a pipe at night—decided that he admired Mabel Grahame most of the three girls at Cranbourne; 'No doubt about it, she has style and manner, she could take her place anywhere,' and yet, after he had quite settled that question in his own mind, his thoughts would revert to his adversary at croquet, and dwell upon her.

She amused him, her outspoken anger amused him; her frank apology, her freedom of manner, and her slang expressions! what should he say to them? She was so unlike the girls he was accustomed to meet

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Illustration of the author and his wife.

Illustration of the author and his wife.

Illustration of the author and his wife.



Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

" 'Mutually forgiven?' asked Patty, smiling frankly."

[See "Patty's Revenge," Page 230.]

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in London, so unlike his own high-bred sisters. Refined, elegant girls, with perfect composure and ease of manner, never surprised into a hasty expression or a loud tone of voice; he had seen among them fretfulness, and selfishness, plenty of it, in a quiet way. What would such girls say to Patty Mitford? How shocked would they be at her disregard of conventional proprieties, at her custom of saying exactly the thing she thought, and no other!

And how would Patty act under such circumstances? Would she be a match for them? Her petulance, her angry words, her frankness would be wasted upon them; they would subdue, awe, silence her, by their composure, by a certain elevating of the eyebrows, and gazing unconscious upon their victim, more difficult to resist than the most fluent vocabulary of angry words.

Henry St. George amused himself by constant attempts to raise Patty's wrath, but he was unsuccessful; she was too easy-tempered to be quickly roused.

Ten days elapsed—an even succession of pleasant sensations; beautiful weather tempting to outdoor life, lent its share to the enjoyment.

There were morning strolls on the terrace, and bouquet-making before breakfast, letters, and desultory conversation succeeded by croquet; before the game was ended they had begun to find it too hot for exertion, so they would adjourn to the shade of some fine old oak-tree, where Henry St. George would repeat some of his favourite pieces, varying as his mood might be, from *Ingoldsby Legends* to Tennyson's *Idylls*, or to some favourite Scotch ballad.

Luncheon bell would summon them to the house, and then some archery, a sail, a scramble over the rocks, or a walk to some ruin in the neighbourhood, would occupy their afternoon.

An evening spent in singing, and conversation, would close the day.

It was pleasant idling, perhaps it was dangerous, too; for idle-

ness, we are told, is the root of all evil.

St. George persisted to himself that Mabel was the girl he most admired, and yet it was at Patty's side that he was always to be seen; and certainly Patty Mitford was the one his thoughts dwelt most upon when he was alone.

Their balls were always on the counter sides at croquet; with what vigour those small hands sent his ball to the opposite side of the ground! What pleasure she found in sending him behind his ring; worrying, catching, harrying him, until he never had a chance of becoming a rover!

She was always first at everything, with a strength and energy which never seemed to flag; she would be the first to leap over a sunk fence, cross a five-barred gate, run headlong down the steep cliff leading to the shore, take the oar if they were out rowing, and keep up all the while a running fire of sarcasm on Mr. St. George for what she termed his London airs and graces.

He could tame her and calm her only in one way, when he began to repeat poetry to her; then she would listen, and never weary of the tones of his voice, or of watching the varying expression with which he would repeat one ballad after another.

Ten days could not pass without an intervening Sunday—one day's check upon their amusements; and yet the Sunday brought its own pleasures.

Most of the party preferred a two-miles' walk, through park and wood, to church, to a drive in the Grahame family carriage. Henry St. George soon found himself walking near Patty, and they fell into quieter conversation than was usual with them. He began to talk about his London life, and Patty had to confess that she had never been to London.

'Never been to London!' He could not have believed there was a young lady in England, in these travelling days, who had never been to London. From London, they began to talk of his own home in Kent, the garden of England.

'This Sunday walk recalls Sunday

walks in Kent to me, as long ago as when I was a schoolboy; but this one is far more pleasant," he said, laughing; "I remember, my sisters and I, we used to quarrel all the way to church, and the French governess always sided with the girls; you and I are amicable to-day for a wonder."

"I always try to be good and demure one day in the seven," replied Patty; "but tell me about your home, is it a pretty place?"

"Very," he said; "the park belongs to a cousin of my father's, an old man, who shows an immoderate love for the things of this life, by lingering here so long; he is about ninety-five. We lived formerly in the dower house outside the park, now we live in London."

"Do your sisters like living in London?"

"Yes, they prefer it."

"I should not: London must be slow."

"That is the last epithet I should consider applicable to London," he replied.

"But there can be no boating, cricketing—not even croquet; and riding in Rotten Row, in such a crowd, must be worse than no riding."

"And yet London is full of amusements which young ladies generally prefer, to those you name."

"I should not like it," said Patty, decidedly.

"Do you think I should pull with your sisters, if I knew them?" she inquired, abruptly.

"No, I don't think you would."

"Why?"

"I will describe to you my sisters, and you shall judge for yourself: they are both, tall, dark, and very handsome;—are you that?"

"You know quite well," she answered confidently, "I'm small, fair, and very pretty."

"I am the last man to deny it," he replied. "They are quiet, I may say languid, composed, well-read, and accomplished."

"I have no acquired gifts," said Patty; "all I have are natural; and as to being so very quiet, I make a free use of the health and the spirits heaven has given me."

"My sisters do nothing for themselves which any one else can do for them. Is that your way?"

"Certainly not," replied Patty.

"I never heard either of my sisters raise their voices] beyond a certain pitch; they never hurry their movements; their hair and their dress are never out of order; and," he added, laughing, "their gowns always have the proper sweep to the back." This was said in allusion to a joke against Patty—that her gown never was tidy an hour after she came down stairs.

"Your sisters may be very good—better than I am," said Patty, hotly, "but I never wish to see them. I am certain I should not like them."

"I made no comparisons," said Mr. St. George, amused; "I only state facts."

"Is your mother like your sisters, —should I not like her?"

"Yes, I think you would like each other when you became acquainted," he answered warmly. "She is stately, but neither cold nor artificial; and she has composure and refinement, without being selfish or indifferent."

"And your sisters are so young, and yet have no lark about them," continued Patty. "I suppose," she added, "they would be horrified to let such a word as 'lark' pass their lips."

"They don't talk slang," rejoined her companion; "and, I must confess, I am glad they do not."

"And why, I should like to know?" inquired Patty, sharply. "Why should men keep, for their exclusive use, all the best and jolliest words in the English vocabulary? It is a piece of selfishness to which I, for one, will never lend myself."

"Slang is associated in one's mind with an absence of restraint: it is the natural expression of a rough sort of life, with which we wish our sisters and wives to have no connection. If women adopt men's ways, at best they can only be a mild imitation; and our ideal women are not poor imitations of men—they are to be something far different."

"I really think you are giving me the sermon before the service commences," said Patty, petulantly.

'You brought it on yourself,' he replied.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes; the conversation had fallen into a strain not pleasant to Patty. At last she said—

'Though I do maintain I can see no harm in slang, still, Mr. St. George, I am not content with myself. I often wish I was different.'

'Do you?' inquired her companion, who was rapidly beginning to think that her faults only made her more charming.

'Yes. To begin with:—I am not half so good as Rose. I ought to begin to educate myself in the way sermons and books tell one; and I do mean to do so; but it will be such a bore, and now I do enjoy myself; life is such jolly fun!'

They had reached the church door, so Patty could not complete her confession.

Neither of the two attended much to the prayers in church.

Henry St. George lost himself in a reverie as to the comparative merits of art and nature, and ended by hoping that when he did marry—not that he had any thoughts of such an act at the present moment—he might find a frank, true nature, one whom he could form and mould as he could wish,—one, in fact, like the young girl kneeling near him,—‘a diamond that I can polish and cut as I choose, not a diamond pared and polished until the stone is almost polished away.’

And Patty, kneeling near him, was resolving that she would be good, have more self-control, and, after all, if so many people objected to it, she would give up talking slang and trying to be fast. ‘I will talk no more about swells, larks, not call money ‘tin,’ a shilling a ‘bob,’ a joke a ‘jolly sell;’ not say I am sat upon, or I am up a tree. And may I not even call a fellow a ‘muff,’ a ‘slow coach,’ or a ‘brick,’ as he may deserve?’ And Patty sighed deeply, to think that of her own free will she was renouncing all those most expressive words in the English language.

The twelfth of August dawned bright and beautiful, as every other morning had been, the last month.

The ladies came down to the gentlemen's early breakfast, and Patty fastened a sprig of geranium into St. George's shooting-cap, wishing him good sport, before they started.

The day was dull at Cranbourne; there was no fun in playing croquet when their adversaries were absent.

For the first time in his life the grouse-shooting afforded St. George no pleasure. His friends rallied him on his dulness, and he was wishing himself at Cranbourne.

The truth was, that at Cranbourne there was an attraction, which increased in strength day by day; the more he endeavoured to resist, the more he felt himself drawn towards Patty Mitford.

She was beautiful, natural, artless; every word she uttered was worth hearing; the slang words he objected to in others were bewitching when they fell from her lips; in fact, he was desperately in love, and all arguments of his calmer reason were unheeded.

Life, without Patty Mitford by his side, would be life not worth living. He must tell it to her, and the future—the future might take care of itself; his passionate fancy could brook no opposition, could listen to no reason.

The Saturday following was a blank day, the gentlemen were not shooting. After luncheon the whole party agreed to walk, by the sea-shore, to a small town about a mile distant. Mabel Grahame wanted some crochet cotton, which was quite indispensable to the completion of some work in which she was engaged. They sauntered on idly, joking and laughing together, one throwing stones into the sea, another drawing castles on the sand, or taking a shot with a stone at some bird or sea-gull passing by, with a lazy sense of enjoyment.

Patty had discovered some seaweed, which she insisted was peculiar to this coast, and had rarely been seen before.

Mr. Fernham pretended to be of her opinion, and said he knew it as a rare specimen, ‘it was a *Lycopodium maritimum felix*.’ But here Rose interposed, and said she

knew Mr. Fernham was taking advantage of their ignorance, Lycopodiums were not seaweeds. Mr. St. George joined in the laugh, and persisted in offering bits of kelp and seaweed to Patty, inquiring if they were not also, some rare, unknown specimen. Patty laughed, and replied that she was sorry her ignorance was as great as that of her companions, and glad that her discernment was greater.

Before they reached the little town, they paused for a few moments to admire the distant coast, which a receding rock opened to their view. Whilst they were so doing, Henry St. George came gently behind Patty, and fastened on to the end of her hat two long strips of green seaweed, which hung down her jacket, below her waist. They continued their walk. For some time none of her companions noticed her novel decorations. When they did so, an imploring glance from Mr. St. George prevented their betraying him.

Mabel entered the one shop Holmgate could boast; the shop which sold bacon and Berlin wool, tallow-dips and cheese, sweeping brushes and cotton gowns; sold, in fact, everything except the one article the purchaser required, after the manner of shops in country towns. She found that it did not sell crochet cotton, so their walk had been fruitless, and they began to retrace their steps.

Not fruitless so far as fun was concerned, for Patty's long streamers afforded great amusement. Unconscious Patty, had stood at the carriage of the member's wife, making conversation, whilst Mabel was shopping; had walked down High Street, wondering why the people turned to stare at her as she passed.

'Look behind you!' cried out two lads more forward than their companions, as they came to the outskirts of the town; 'look behind you, miss!' Patty turned her head, and of course saw nothing.

'I really cannot stand this any longer,' said Rose, who had joined Mr. St. George; 'it is a great shame of us all!'

'What do those little urchins mean?' inquired Patty.

Mr. Fernham took hold of her long seaweed streamers. Patty mistook his meaning, and, shaking her head, exclaimed, 'No, no! you shall not fasten those on to me; where have you hid them all this time?'

'On you,' exclaimed Rose, laughing.

'On me! Impossible! I have not been through Holmgate, talking to Mrs. Grey, with those absurd things hanging about me?'

'You have, indeed,' said Rose, through her laughter.

'Oh, Rose! it was too much of a joke; how could you do it?'

'It was not me!' exclaimed Rose.

'Not me!' said Mabel and Mr. Fernham, in one breath; whilst all eyes turned on Henry St. George.

'Surely it was not you?' said Patty, quite slowly.

'Yes, it was,' interposed Rose; 'Mr. St. George did it before we went into the town; that has been our joke. I am nearly dead from suppressed laughter.'

Patty took no notice of Rose's remark, but looking full at Henry St. George, she said, very measuredly, 'I am surprised; I had thought differently of you.'

Her colour was heightened; she showed her anger in no other way, and walked on rapidly.

The whole party felt guilty; for Patty was seriously displeased. She prided herself on the way she could take a joke; and had it been Mr. Fernham who had thus decorated her hat, she would probably only have laughed, and ended the subject by saying, 'What a shame! see if I don't pay you out!' Mr. St. George was already different in her eyes to any one else—she had not said so to herself; but she did, in fact, think little less of him than he thought of her.

With all the sensitiveness of a growing love, she thought, as she walked apart, 'Had he liked me, as I fancied he did from his manner, he would have respected me; and had he respected me, he could never have suffered me to look ridiculous in the eyes of so many people, much less have made me so himself.'

She felt very injured, and could hardly restrain the rising tears; but she heard his steps approaching, and swallowed the tears she would not for worlds have had him discern.

St. George came up to her, to make his peace. He had fastened the seaweed on to her as an idle joke; but when he found how seriously she was annoyed, he wished the seaweed had been in its proper place, waving at the bottom of the sea, before it had tempted him to offend his lady-love.

'Miss Mitford,' he said, [deprecatingly, 'I trust you are not offended; it was the merest joke.'

'Oh, no; I am not offended,' said Patty, with assumed dignity.

'Our joking about Lycopodiums led me on,' he said. 'I am so sorry; I would not have done it on any account, had I thought you would mind.'

Patty made no reply. They walked on in silence for a few minutes.

'Miss Mitford, do speak! tell me you are not vexed,' said Mr. St. George. 'If you are not angry, say we are friends, just as we were half an hour ago.'

'No; we are not friends as we were half an hour ago,' said Patty, turning round fiercely; 'and never shall be again! I am not angry; I only find I was quite mistaken. I thought you were a very different man from what I find you: I should never have cared had Mr. Fernham chosen to do it; but I judged you differently. I thought, too, that you liked me: you could not like me unless you respected me; and had you had any respect for me, you could not have made me conspicuous to the eyes of so many. Oh, no! I am not angry,' she continued rapidly, with flashing eyes; 'I only see that I have been quite mistaken. It does not signify in the least.'

'Miss Mitford!' exclaimed Henry St. George, quite aghast at such a flow of words, 'you have indeed misunderstood me. I had no notion you would have been offended, or I assure you I would never have done it. Don't say that you are

mistaken: you are not; you know the truth—you must know it!'

'What truth?' interrupted Patty. 'This truth, I suppose; that it is only my want of knowledge of the world which makes me resent what you have done; it is the way of all men in society, to be attentive to a girl one moment, and the very next to turn round and ridicule her to the first person they happen to meet. Had I known more of the ways of the world, I should have expected nothing else. That is what you mean?' said Patty, 'is it not?'

'Miss Mitford!' said Henry St. George, reproachfully. But Patty was too angry to hear reason.

She was unsophisticated in mind as in manners; and, it must be confessed, she was warm in temper. Her thunderstorms were short in duration, and were usually succeeded by the brighter sunshine.

Patty seemed to be walking down her anger, for she did not speak again; but it was with no measured step that she paced along the shore, kicking the little stones in front of her, until they had passed the turn which led into Cranbourne grounds.

Henry St. George followed: during the whole time he had been addressing her mentally. He could not endure to see her so angry; and yet he thought it was not a bad sign for him. Anyhow, then and there he must tell her the truth, and gain permission some day to call her his wife. If she was impetuous, surely he was impetuous too.

'We have walked beyond the turn,' exclaimed Patty, abruptly; she wheeled round. Certainly her movements lacked that repose which, his sisters would say, was the great characteristic of a lady.

'Stop, Miss Mitford!' said Henry St. George; 'you must not go in until I have spoken. You have been hard upon me; your own true instincts tell you that no man does other than honour the lady he loves. You are not unconscious—you cannot be—of the way in which I love you; how dear everything belonging to you is to me. I would have cut off my right hand sooner than have made you angry, had I ima-

gined you would have cared about it so much. Instead of saying we are never to be friends again, say—oh, Patty! you must say—that the time is at hand when you will love me, far more than you think you can now, in return for the way in which I will try to win that precious love!

No girl ever was more taken by surprise than was Patty, that eventful seventeenth of August.

She had no answer ready.

St. George took her hand. 'Oh, Patty! my true, first, deep love! I never knew half the value of life until I met you; and now, I could not bear it, without the thought—the hope of you—as [my guiding star! Whisper the one word, and all my life, all its strength, all its love, shall be spent to make you happy!'

Patty's anger was gone. If he loved her, she could forgive him everything.

They sat down together on the beach; and, with no other witnesses than the ever-changing, never-ceasing roll of the waves—that common emblem of life,—and the hard iron-grey stone of the overhanging rock, as an emblem of the iron rule of Fate,—the two young lovers exchanged their vows of eternal love, and faith, and trust.

At the close of an hour, hallowed to them by mutual vows and promises, they rose to return to the house. Patty whispered to him, 'How can you wish to have such a Tartar as I am for a wife?' And he answered, fondly—

'I don't know which I prefer, Patty angry, or Patty merry.'

'Oh! so this is the end of the thunderstorm, is it?' said Mrs. Fernham, who had watched them walk up the cliff together, and addressed them, as Patty was making her escape, smiling and blushing, into the house.

The days were not long enough for Henry St. George and Patty to be happy; the nights too short for the dreams of happiness they were to find on the morrow.

'How will St. George senior like his favourite son to marry a clergyman's daughter, without fortune?' inquired Mr. Grahame of his wife.

'St. George must know best,' she returned; 'he is confident: surely he would never have engaged himself unless he knew how she would be welcomed!'

'Oh, my dear,' replied her husband, 'St. George always was an impulsive fellow; he has fallen in love at first sight; he thinks it a matter of life and death: love is blind, hope fallacious, and all that sort of thing, you know.'

'It would be a selfish proceeding on his part,' returned Mrs. Grahame; 'but I like him too well to think such a thing possible. They may perhaps have sufficient of love's difficulties to enhance its victories; but it must end right at last.'

Henry St. George's father, his mother, and his two sisters were recruiting their health, after a London season, at the waters of Carlsbad; so that a week or more must elapse before an answer to his letter could be obtained.

He wrote his mother a glowing description of the beautiful, frank, ingenuous bride he had chosen for himself: 'She would be a youngest daughter to his mother; whom he begged, if needful, to smooth matters for him with his father.'

To his father he wrote, 'that he had met and won the woman who, of all women in England, was the one most suited to him: he only awaited his father's sanction to be quite happy.'

Like themselves, she was of gentle blood; she belonged to the Mitfords, of Mitford—as he knew, one of the oldest gentry names England could boast. He did not suppose she had much fortune; but they were content to wait until his father could give them a sufficient allowance; and when his father saw Patty, which he trusted would soon be the case, he would think, as his son did, that she was a fortune in herself.

Henry St. George would not have been very gratified had he been at Carlsbad, and heard the manner in which his communications were welcomed.

The letters once despatched, he troubled himself no more about the future; the present, the golden pre-

sent, was what he lived for. The words which fell from Patty's lips, the bright glances which came from Patty's eyes, were the food his soul required.

They had one fortnight of unchequered joy, before the Treasury summoned St. George to his post. Public affairs wait neither for time, tide, love, nor for those foreign letters, which did not arrive.

The moonlight walks; the games of croquet—unlike what croquet games ever would be to either of them again; those hours seated on the cliff, where, surrounded by a merry party, they had still felt alone with each other, because they held the key to each other's heart;—those hundred small joys were at an end. The hour of parting was at hand.

Patty felt no fears in looking forward to the parting. Mistrust, jealousy, doubt—those failings of small natures—were not her failings. Perhaps, too, she did not know life; did not know herself, and did not know the depth of human changeableness; and therefore she felt no fear.

The evening before he left, they went together to the cave where he had first told her of his love.

He was gloomy; he trembled at leaving his new-found treasure; his mind pictured a thousand dangers which might arise. He made her repeat to him, again and again, that she loved him; that she would be constant through trial, through absence, through whatever might come upon them.

'Constant!' she said; 'Henry, do you suppose there is another Henry St. George for Patty Mitford in the whole world? How can I help waiting?—if I love you, I cannot avoid waiting. Hope and castle-building are pleasant companions; they will occupy me until you come to Grangeham.'

'But, Patty, if I am prevented coming to Grangeham, will you still not doubt me?'

'I shall never doubt you,' she answered, 'until you give me too good reason; and that I feel you will never do.'

There were more promises of eternal constancy; more whispers to which the sea alone bore witness; and then they parted.

A few happy tears glistened in Patty's eyes as the carriage drove from the door: but what pain was there in parting, when the meeting would come again so soon? She belonged to him; he was hers: there was joy enough in that thought to support her through a worse parting; and Patty went on to the lawn and enjoyed a game of croquet, bearing with great equanimity the chaff of her companions.

Care was heavy at the heart of St. George as he drove away; he left his treasure, the very light of his eyes behind him. Perchance he feared himself; feared the influence of the world to which he was returning: but he said, with clenched hands, 'Nothing shall part us! She shall be mine—mine through life. Death alone shall sever us!'

THE OPERATIONS OF LAWRENCE REEVE.

A Tale of Money-making on the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN WITH THE DOG.

DR. JOHNSON used to maintain that it was in itself quite as charitable an act to help a man down hill as to help him up hill; provided always that the man's natural tendency was downwards. For until he reached the bottom he would flounder, stagger, and jolt himself

uncomfortably; but having once arrived, he might hope, at any rate, to lie in peace, though it were only in the ditch.

In accordance with this theory, though certainly in accordance with no other, we may say that Woodhead, through those perplexities of

Reeve's, continued his fast friend and helper. He had at one time given him advice gratis, which had, as it happened, helped Reeve uphill. He continued now from time to time to give him advice and assistance on the same easy terms which, as it happened, as effectually helped him down again. And as Reeve's natural tendency now seemed to be decidedly downwards, his thanks were perhaps as justly due for the one service as for the other.

Reeve for a while bravely resisted the panic that had set in. He saw with dismay how the shares he held fell daily; but he would not by selling help to send them down still more irrecoverably. It was only a matter of time, and if he could but tide over those evil days all would yet be well again. As long as his money lasted he paid all his calls as they fell due. It went much against the grain with him to sell out his remaining thousand pounds of consols to meet his liabilities of this kind; and he—we are sorry to confess it—did it without his wife's knowledge, for somehow his respect for consols had of late revived. When still more calls came in and he was unable to meet them, he had, with many misgivings, to have recourse to loans. He had prided himself, in his poorer days, on the fact that he had never borrowed a sovereign in his life, and to have to begin borrowing now was no small trial. It had happened to him as to most of us to have to lend half-sovereigns and sovereigns with a prospect of being rewarded only by that blessing which is promised to those who lend hoping not to receive again. He had regarded these loans as a kind of black-mail levied by marauders on the more respectable classes of society, and he remembered well enough the sort of pity, not unmixed with mild contempt, which he had felt for the recipients. It was very disagreeable to him now to imagine himself as being liable to be looked on as a genteel beggar of this class, asking for a thousand pounds instead of one, and he was ridiculous enough to worry himself with possible haggles and refusals and conse-

quent ignominy. It was a great relief to him to find that the operation of borrowing would not be one of any difficulty or one which would be likely to involve any shock to his sensitive mind. Woodhead assured him that he could arrange it all with the utmost ease and privacy, and that nothing would give him greater pleasure. It would be treated as a mere every-day matter of business in which no obligation was either conferred or received. All that would be necessary would be for Reeve to deposit sufficient security. For example, to enable himself to borrow a thousand pounds he must deposit scrip to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, and must, at the same time, sign an agreement, authorizing the lender to sell such scrip if its market value should at any time fall within a given margin of the thousand pounds lent. It seemed that nothing could well be fairer or more reasonable than this; and that his scrip should ever fall so low as not to cover the amount he was borrowing, was a contingency not worth taking into account. The interest charged and deducted beforehand out of the amount lent was certainly a little usurious; but then the bank rate was dreadfully high, and the interest would be a mere fleabite compared with the loss he would sustain if he now sold his shares. The transaction, therefore, being so simple and easy he repeated it more than once, and found himself comparatively at ease again, and free to wait for the long-delayed rise. Through all these loan transactions Woodhead was his right hand and guide. Without Woodhead he could not have got along. Long experience had made that gentleman acquainted with every step that was necessary in such affairs, and with every man who could serve the purpose to be attained. In short, his help appeared to Reeve to be invaluable, and he rejected with disdain the report that Woodhead drew a commission from the money-lenders on the custom he brought them.

It was a shock that came upon him with the suddenness of a thun-

derelap, of an earthquake, of a broken window (the reader may take his choice of a simile, but the last is recommended as the least hackneyed) when he read in the 'Times,' that a petition had just been filed in Chancery by a shareholder for the winding-up of the Dry Goods Insurance Company. Its shares were at a deplorable discount, and he had known for some little time past that whispers had been heard of mismanagement, and even misconduct on the part of the directors; but he had refused to give ear to such whispers, regarding them rather as the growls of bears who wanted to send the shares still further down. That it could come to this he had never for a moment imagined possible. Now, however, it seemed that the matter was to be brought to an issue. And in a day or two the worst fears were confirmed by an investigation on which the prayer of the shareholder's petition was granted. It appeared that the directors of the Company had diverted its funds into improper channels, and that most of the capital was irretrievably gone. It was, in short, the old, old story of robbery—polite robbery without fraud. There were plenty of people to make abject excuses and apologies—plenty of people to say hard things of each other; it was the chairman who had been tempted by the vice-chairman—it was the vice-chairman who had listened to that wily serpent, the managing director. There was no lack of people to blame, but there seemed likely to be the utmost possible difficulty in finding any one who was legally liable for the lost money.

Reeve had paid two thousand pounds on his shares in this company, and on the security of his share-certificates he had borrowed one thousand. The money-lender had lost no time in exercising his right to sell as soon as the evil rumours had sent the shares down to an extent which justified him in doing so. And it was well that he had sold, for now they were utterly unsaleable at any price. As it was, he had, at any rate, got eight hundred pounds for them, and only had

to come on Reeve for two hundred, which Reeve paid him, hardly knowing whether he was most sorry that he had lost twelve hundred, or most glad that he had not lost two thousand.

This, however, he did know too well, and the knowledge was very bitter to him, that with this loss and others all his recent gains were gone, and with them much of his old savings. He knew that he was, if not insolvent, yet on the high road to insolvency and within very easy sight of the goal. He knew that he was a much poorer man than he was a year ago, and that he had so altered his style of living that his expenses were double now what they were then. He knew that his two months' bill for a hundred and twenty pounds fell due some days ago, and that he had with difficulty got the days of grace extended till to-morrow. He knew that the two hundred pounds he had just paid back had been specially provided to meet this and other pressing needs. Last, and worst of all, he knew that the detested bill was in bad hands, that he could not raise enough now to meet it in time, and that in all probability an execution would be put into his house within two hours of to-morrow's noon.

Going home, therefore, with such thoughts on his mind, it was no pleasure to him to find that there were guests at his house. Two or three ladies, and two or three gentlemen were there, who loved other people's houses better than their own; who cared no more for Reeve than they cared for the parish beadle, but were good enough to care for his wine. Reeve had of late thought it necessary that his wife should receive more company; and she, yielding to him against her will, and sorely yearning for the old quiet evenings, had to fill her drawing-room with such company as she could get, and grudgingly called those friends whom, if she could, have had her own way, she would hardly have owned as acquaintances. Before these Reeve tried manfully to keep a cheerful countenance. He talked with them, and exchanged,

to the best of his ability, the empty nothings of every-day conversation. But his mind was filled with sordid cares, and he hardly knew what he said or to whom he spoke. He thanked one friend warmly for shaking hands with him; to another's 'how do you do?' he answered, that he had not heard since morning, but he was afraid there was no improvement. When Mrs. — complained of the continual dulness of the weather, he scandalized her by saying that it was nothing short of a robbery—a bare-faced robbery. In the body he was truly present there at Kensington; but in the spirit he was still in Throgmorton Street and Capel Court.

He could not bring himself to tell his wife, before he left in the morning, what was going to happen. It was too hard a task. But he managed to scrawl a few lines when she was not by him, and left them where he knew she would find them as soon as he was gone:—

'DEAREST CARRY,

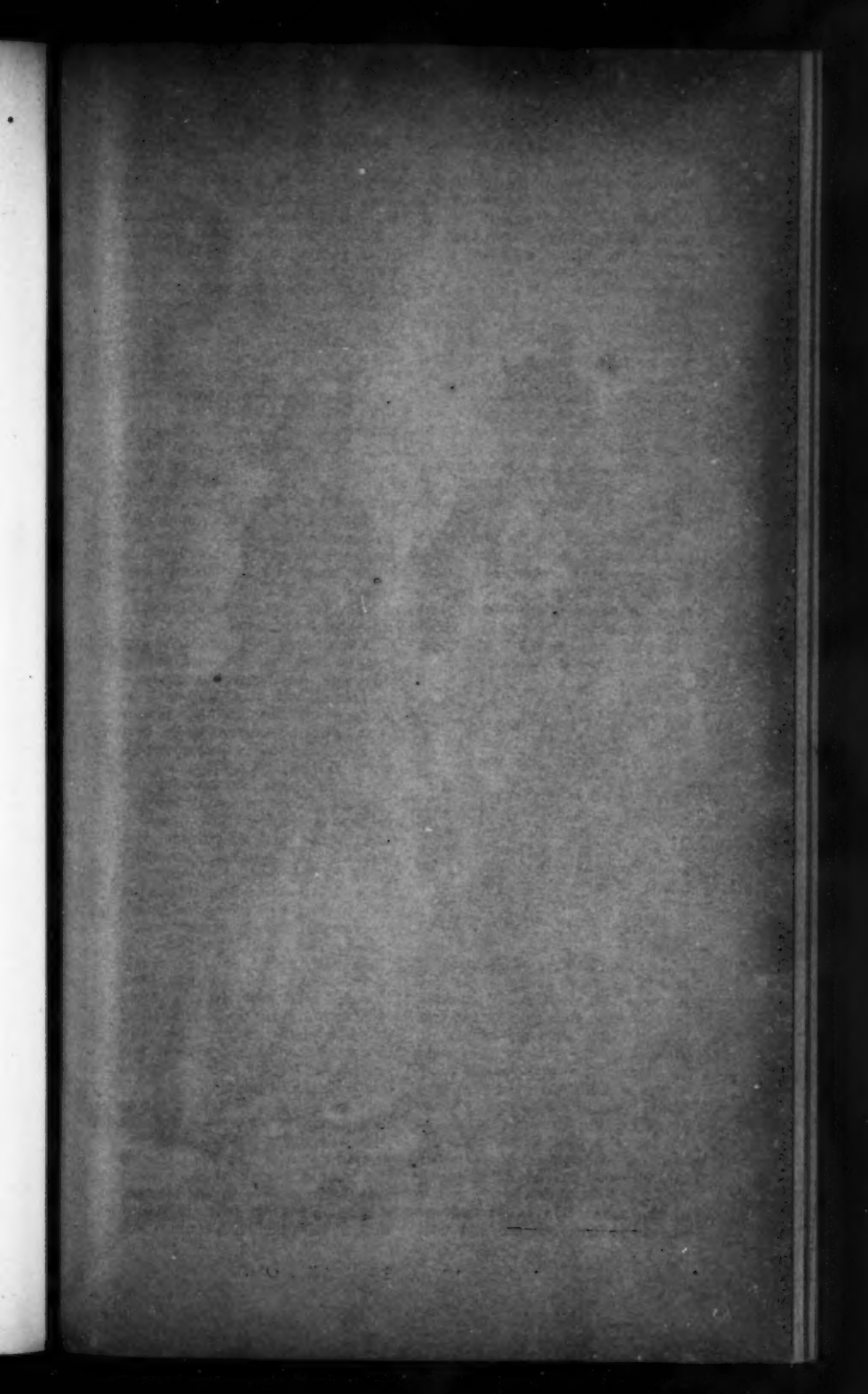
'I have told you often of late how troubled I was about money matters; but I have never told you half. The worst has now come. Before I return to-night you will have a bailiff in the house; and he will have to stay, I fear, till there is a sale. It is a hundred and twenty pounds that he wants, and I can see no chance of raising it under a fortnight. If I had only listened to you in time! But it is too late now. I shall not know how to meet you to-night.'

And then he went off, feeling that he was a coward at heart. All day he racked his brain, vainly planning how to raise the money that was wanted; and after all he had to give it up. He went home at night an hour later than usual, more wretched than any generous man would wish to see his enemy's dog. It rained heavily. He could not get an inside place in the bus. He had no umbrella. But he never noticed this: so trivial is bodily discomfort compared to the trouble of the mind. He would find, he knew, no cheerful fire and cosy

supper for him to-night. It was more cheerful, indeed, outside than he would find it in-doors. He would find Mrs. Reeve in tears in her bedroom, packing up a few things she most valued. In his own easy-chair in the drawing-room he would most likely find the bailiff, smoking a short pipe, with his feet on the mantelpiece,—a villainous dog on the rug, which would attack his (the master's) legs on his entrance. Or perhaps the visitor would have brought a friend with him to while away the hours with cribbage or all-fours. He wondered what wine they would be drinking. He wondered if they would want the best spare bed to sleep in,—and hoped, if they did, that they would find the sheets damp. He wondered, in fact, all kinds of absurd wonders, as a man does who is well-nigh distracted, and has lost the power of seeing events and probabilities in their just proportions.

It was some small comfort, at any rate, to see from the road that a light was burning in the usual sitting-room, and that the curtains shone ruddy through the window. It was a further comfort to see that the hall-lamp was not extinguished, but still shed its ray of guidance above the door. It was not unpleasant to hear the maid's respectful, commiserative 'Dear, dear!' at sight of her master's dripping hat and coat. But it was most cheering of all to find that, at any rate, his fancy had to some extent outrun the reality; that Mrs. Reeve was in her accustomed place and in her accustomed dress; and that tea was ready and waiting with her accustomed punctuality. She was alone, too, and that was an unspeakable relief to him. He would have liked to ask in what room the fellow with the dog had quartered himself, but his tongue refused in any way to approach the subject.

He took his tea, therefore, almost in silence; but soon saw that his wife was not intending to be the first to speak of the great trouble that had fallen on them. Never very demonstrative in her manner, it was only long years of happy wedded life which had enabled him





Drawn by T. Morten.]

THE MAN WITH THE DOG.

[See Page 220.]

to fathom the great depths of her womanly love and faithfulness. To-night there was a grave seriousness in her face and voice, and at the same time a more than wonted tenderness in the few words she said, which was very touching. He noticed many little thoughtful acts of attention, which at another time he might have overlooked, or she, perhaps, might have herself omitted. There were a locket he had not seen for many a year,—one which he had given her on their wedding-day, so long ago.

By-and-by, Anna, their girl, flew in, and flew out again, blithe and merry as a bird. It was clear she knew nothing of trouble hanging over them.

"Did the man come?" asked Anne, at last.

"Yes, he came."

"And where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"No," and there was a half-smile on the wife's face. "I locked the door before he came; and when he came I went myself and made him do his business, and I paid him across the gate, and he never set foot on the premises; so his master has the expenses to pay, and there's no receipt for the money."

She was almost out of breath with the eagerness of speaking, and the calmness she had maintained till now was gone.

She repeated after her, mechanically.—"Paid him across the gate, and he never set foot on the premises; so his master has the expenses to pay, and there's no receipt for the money." And in his utter consideration this seemed to be all that he could do.

"Lawrence," she said, after a moment's silence, speaking very low and slowly, "I had been thinking some time past that you and your money were too easily parted, for fear that you might one day prove one of the foolish, I set to work and made up a private purse. The hundred pounds you gave me for Kate's wedding, I never touched; I had got nearly all ready before; and Kate and I managed well enough without it: and you looked

so well after your affairs that you never knew but that it was all spent. As for the other twenty, it was easily put away out of the generous housekeeping money you left me; and I am left without a centence as I am in any emergency here; she asked, laughingly, and putting her hand to her ear, as if she said that the emotion was too great for speech. Then there was silence.

"'Tis only," says a great poet,

*The only when they spring to leave the world
Is when they find that they are not
The only when they find that they are not
The only when they find that they are not
The only when they find that they are not
The only when they find that they are not
The only when they find that they are not
The only when they find that they are not*

But if Browning had happened to be present, and had made this pretty little speech to-night, Reece would have contradicted him. As it was, he never thought of calling his wife an angel; she was altogether too stout for that; and she wore her hair rolled up in a big band like a behind, which is a fashion as common here, not at all affected or singular circles. Perhaps, however, in all the towns where it is worn, it is because he found the work of up-drawing and now natural small thanks—without doing, and with the lips, but with the glancing of the eye and the gentle pressure of the hand,—for the husband is a good wife who has more than that the grace to his heart's content.

It goes to the heart of the man, and the very state of the heart which was consuming him. Relieved now from this imminent danger of instant crash and ruin, he could see clearly what ought to be done.

They sat late into the night, and he, with pen in hand, reckoned up painfully the same total of his assets and liabilities, and struck a clear balance-sheet. He was unwilling to overstate things, for he was anxious now that both he and his wife should know the worst, so he put the value of all possessions at the lowest price of the day. But the result appalled and almost overpowered him. All this, with the exception of some five hundred pounds, was gone.



Engraved by T. Storer.

THE MAN WITH THE DOG.

[See Page 218.]

to fathom the great depths of her womanly love and faithfulness. To-night there was a grave seriousness in her face and voice, and at the same time a more than wonted tenderness in the few words she said, which was very touching. He noticed many little thoughtful acts of affection, which at another time he might have overlooked, or she, perhaps, might have herself omitted. She wore a locket he had not seen for many a year,—one which he had given her on their wedding-day, so long ago.

By-and-by, Anna, their girl, flew in, and flew out again, blithe and merry as a bird. It was clear she knew nothing of trouble hanging over them.

'Did the man come?' asked Reeve, at last.

'Yes, he came.

'And where is he?'

'I don't know.'

'Don't know?'

'No;' and there was a half-smile on the wife's face. 'I locked the gate before he came; and when he rung I went myself and made him tell his business, and I paid him across the gate, and he never set foot on the premises; so his master has the expenses to pay, and there's a receipt for the money.'

She was almost out of breath with the eagerness of speaking, and the calmness she had maintained till now was gone.

Reeve repeated after her, mechanically—'Paid him across the gate, and he never set foot on the premises; so his master has the expenses to pay, and there's a receipt for the money!' And in his utter bewilderment this seemed to be all that he could do.

'Lawrence,' she said, after a minute's silence, speaking very low and slowly, 'I had been thinking for some time past that you and your money were too easily parted, so, for fear that you might one day prove one of the foolish, I set to work and made up a private purse. The hundred pounds you gave me for Kate's wedding, I never touched. I had got nearly all ready before; and Kate and I managed well enough without it: and you looked

so well after your affairs that you never knew but that it was all spent. As for the other twenty, it was easily put away out of the preposterous housekeeping money you left me; and I am not without a sixpence or two in my money-box yet,' she added, laughing, and putting her hand in his, as she saw that his emotion was too great for speech. Then there was silence.

'Tis only,' says a great poet,

Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,
And all at once they leave you and you know
them.'

But if Browning had happened to be present, and had made this pretty little speech to-night, Reeve would have contradicted him. As it was, he never thought of calling his wife an angel; she was altogether too stout for that; and she wore her hair rolled up in a big hard lump behind, which is a fashion, we believe, not at all affected in angelic circles. Perhaps, however, he felt all the more warmly towards her because he found few words of endearment, and only uttered silent thanks—uttered them not with his lips, but with the glistening of the eye and the gentle pressure of the hand,—for the blessing of a good wife who had saved him from disgrace in his hour of need.

It proved to have been the turning-point and the very crisis of the fever which was consuming him. Relieved now from this imminent danger of instant crash and ruin, he could see clearly what needed to be done.

They sat late into the night; and he, with pen in hand, reckoned up painfully the sum total of his assets and liabilities, and struck a clear balance-sheet. He was careful not to overstate things, for, he was anxious now that both he and his wife should know the worst, so he put the value of all his shares at the lowest price of the day. But the result appalled and almost overpowered him. His all, with the exception of some five hundred pounds, was gone.

'Bad as it is, Lawrence,' said Mrs. Reeve, 'let us be thankful that even so much can be saved, and let us save it. Promise me that you will set about winding up all these affairs to-morrow, and go back with what is left to the old safe investments.'

And Reeve promised, and kept his word. Without another day's delay, he set to work to sell his insecure securities and pay off his loans. It was no easy matter; for, to the rage of speculation had succeeded an unconquerable suspicion, which made all new companies a drug in the market. In a few weeks, however, all was done. And at the last, fortune once more, in her caprice, befriended her foolish votary. Some cock-and-bull story or other one day sent up the price of shares in one of the precious concerns in which he was a partner, and on that day he sold. The next day they were down again; but the rise had been worth five hundred pounds to

him. Here and there, too, a speculation turned out a trifle better than he had hoped it would. The end of it all was, that he had something over a thousand pounds to reinvest in some safer concern than Dry Goods Insurance Companies and Universal Finance Associations. Kate's husband had had a thousand, too, there was that to be borne in mind. And on the whole, nobody else seemed to be in any way the better of all his cares and anxieties except the brokers, who had had innumerable commissions on his successful and unsuccessful operations.

We said there was to be no romance in the story we had to tell; and we have kept our word. This, oh weary reader, is its very unromantic end. May you, if you too are a financial genius, bring yourself to no greater grief than Lawrence Reeve:—well for you if you don't.

ROBERT HUDSON.

THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD OF LONDON.

MANY volumes might be filled with memoirs of the Jew merchants of London. Famous and influential all through the middle and later ages, they have shared largely in the increased prosperity of English merchants during the last five or six generations. Ever since the days of the South Sea bubble, when stockjobbing—a word with an ugly sound, though not necessarily with any evil meaning attached to it—became a regular trade, they have been almost its leading representatives. The world-famous Rothschilds had forerunners almost as famous in the brothers Goldsmid and Samson Gideon.

Gideon, the son of a West India merchant, was born early in the eighteenth century. His schooling was in that South Sea scheme, and the hundred other financial bubbles attendant on it, which so grievously

affected English commerce and the happiness of all classes of English people in 1720 and the following years. Robert Walpole's friend, he began, as a young man, to enrich himself by help of the lotteries and other stockjobbing appliances which Walpole and nearly every other statesman of those times encouraged. But he seems to have done it honestly. His first great accession of wealth came in 1745, the year of the Pretender's rebellion. During the panic caused by the report that an insurgent army was marching upon London, stock of all sorts fell to an almost nominal value. Samson Gideon was nearly the only man who did not share in the alarm. Instead of trying to dispose of his scrip, he wisely invested every pound that he possessed, or that he could borrow, in buying more. Before many days

were over, when it was known that the Pretender's army had been routed, he was able to sell out at a vastly increased rate, and to find himself in consequence master of something like a quarter of a million. That wealth, prudently applied during the next fifteen or sixteen years, was nearly quadrupled in the time.

Gideon was described by his contemporaries as 'a shrewd, sarcastic man, possessed of a rich vein of humour; good-hearted and generous in all private relationships, honest and trustworthy in all business matters.' In 1745, when Snow, the banker, as fearful as his neighbours, wrote in plaintive terms to beg that he would immediately repay a sum of 20,000*l.* that he had borrowed of him, the broker adopted a characteristic way of reproving him for his groundless anxiety and melancholy. Procuring a little bottle of hartshorn, he wrapped round it twenty 1000*l.* notes, and packing it up like a doctor's parcel, addressed it to 'Mr. Thomas Snow, goldsmith, near Temple Bar.'

He was a great promoter of insurance and annuity funds, and from which he drew a great part of his wealth. 'Never grant life annuities to old women,' he used to say; 'they wither, but they never die.' And if he was in attendance at the office when a sickly, asthmatic-looking person came for an insurance, he would exclaim, 'Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!'

Gideon's great ambition was to found an English house. He was too old, he said, to change his own religion; but he brought up his children as Christians, taking special interest in the education of the eldest of them, who, when a boy of eleven, was made a baronet through Walpole's influence. Once, it is said, the honest man attempted to catechize this son on the cardinal points of his faith. 'Who made you?' was his first question? 'God,' answered the lad. 'Who redeemed you?' he next asked, without oppression of his easy conscience. 'Jesus Christ,' was the reply. But what was the third question? Gideon

could not remember what he ought to say. 'Who—who—who,' he stammered out; adding at last, with a reckless appropriation of the first thought that occurred to him, 'who gave you that hat?' Young Samson had answered boldly before; he now said as boldly, 'The Holy Ghost.'

Like tolerance of all creeds was shown by Gideon in the will made public after his death on the 17th of October, 1762. He left 1000*l.* to the synagogue in which he had worshipped, and 2000*l.* to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, besides 1000*l.* to the London Hospital, and other bequests to worthy institutions of all sorts. 'Gideon is dead, worth more than the whole land of Canaan,' it was said in a contemporary letter. 'He has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the duke's taking his name or being circumcised.'

Contemporary with Samson Gideon was Aaron Goldsmid, a less wealthy, but perhaps a worthier man; at any rate, a better and more consistent Jew. He came from Hamburg about the middle of the eighteenth century, and settled as a merchant in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields. He died in 1782, leaving four sons, George, Asher, Benjamin, and Abraham, to carry on his business. The two younger, born, the one in 1755, and the other in 1756, were the most prosperous. Either separately, or in company with the others, they carried on their business in Leman Street till 1792. In that year they took a house in Capel Street, opposite the Bank of England, and began using the wealth they had accumulated as stockbrokers and money-lenders. In Abraham Newland, chief cashier of the Bank, they had a good friend. Knowing them to be honest and enterprising men, he entrusted them with much of the business that came in his way; and as at that time the managers of the Bank were busy in contracting loans for the government, then overwhelmed with the foreign warfare occasioned by the French Revolution, the Goldsmids

had plenty to do. They soon established a large connection, winning everywhere respect for the strict promptitude and honour with which they managed all their transactions. Chance, as well as their own good sense, was in their favour. In one year they gained two sweepstakes of vast amounts in the great lotteries still in fashion, besides 1000*l.* worth of stock and several other prizes. In 1794, when a great many of their neighbours were ruined, their entire losses from bad debts amounted to only 50*l.* Benjamin Goldsmid, indeed, shared with Nathan Rothschild the repute of possessing unequalled skill in estimating the worth of every name, English or foreign, that could be found on the back of a bill. That, and the consequent skill in making money, were nearly all that the two men had in common. Both of the Goldsmids were as generous as they were rich. Accumulating wealth with unheard-of rapidity, they distributed in charity much more than the tithes prescribed by their Mosaic law. Numberless instances of their co-operation in every sort of philanthropic work are on record, and the memory of their princely benevolence has not yet ceased among old city men. They were also famous for the splendid hospitality with which they entertained all the leaders of society in their day. They built themselves great houses in town; and they invested portions of their wealth in buying country residences. Abraham became master of Morden; Benjamin made a home for his wife and seven children at Roehampton.

He did not himself enjoy it long. On the morning of the 11th of April, 1808, when he was only fifty-three years old, he was found to have hanged himself from his own bedstead. Of a plethoric disposition, he had, while yet a young man, seriously injured his constitution by a reckless habit of blood-letting, and that had brought upon him occasional fits of melancholy, prompting him at last to suicide.

The mischief did not end there. Abraham Goldsmid never ceased to grieve for his brother. The two, it

was said, had all life long been singularly devoted to one another. Every step in their rapid rise to fortune had been made by them together, and nothing had ever arisen to cause difference between them, or lack of interest in one another's movements. Abraham had been reputed the best man of business, but if it was so, his business powers were shattered by his brother's death. Every enterprise in which he embarked during the next two years was more or less unfortunate. At last, in 1810, he staked all his wealth and all his credit upon a new government loan for 14,000,000*l.* That sum he and Sir Francis Baring—of whom we shall see something hereafter—contracted to supply. It was expected that the shares would sell well, and much profit accrue to the first purchasers, and Abraham Goldsmid accordingly induced all his friends to take them up freely. He was greatly disappointed at finding that, partly from the bad odour in which the English government was just then, and partly from an opposition organized by younger men like Rothschild to such old leaders of the Stock Exchange as himself and Baring, the shares fell heavily upon the market. Sold cheaply at first, they steadily declined in value, to fall yet further in consequence of the sudden death of Baring on the 12th of September. Goldsmid estimated that he had lost 200,000*l.* by the speculation, and that nearly all his friends were sufferers in like proportion. This increased his melancholy, and on the 28th of September, when there was another fall in prices, he went home in a very excited state. After dinner he went into the garden and shot himself.

The opposition raised by his and Baring's enemies was certainly successful. The unexpected death of these two men made room for the rapid advancement of others. Among them Nathan Meyer Rothschild was by far the most successful.

He was born on the 16th of September, 1776, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. There, in the vilest part of the town, the quarter specially assigned to the Jew money-lenders,

pawnbrokers, old-clothes-men, and the like, and therefore known as the Juden-gasse or Jew's alley, his grandfather had been settled as a merchant or dealer of some sort from near the beginning of the eighteenth century; and there his father, Meyer Annschel, or Anselm, was born in 1743, six years before Goethe. According to one report, this Meyer Anselm had been educated by kind strangers to become a priest, and had already acquired some fame as a learned archaeologist and numismatist, when his father brought him home, and forced him to settle down as a broker in Frankfort. According to another and more probable account, he was left a penniless orphan at the age of eleven, and had to work his way on foot to Hanover, there to get some employment as a money-changer's shop-boy, and slowly to save enough money to take him back to Frankfort, when he was nearly thirty years old. At any rate, he was married and established in Frankfort as a money-lender, pawnbroker, and dealer in second-hand goods in 1772. His little shop in Jew's alley was known by its sign of the Red Shield, or Roth-Schild, whence he himself acquired the name of Meyer Anselm Rothschild. It was a busier shop than any other in the neighbourhood, frequented by the greatest persons in Frankfort, who came either to borrow money, or to buy the pictures, coins, cameos, and other rarities of which the broker was a skilful collector. One of these was William, Landgrave of Hesse, who, after several years' trial of old Rothschild, liked him so well, that when the French bombarded Frankfort in 1796, he gave him and his treasures safe housing in his fortified house at Cassel. The Jew's alley was destroyed by the French, and on their retirement its old inmates were allowed to disperse themselves over Frankfort, and to live on an equality with their Christian neighbours. Meyer Rothschild, therefore, as soon as he went back to the town, built himself a handsome house in one of its most fashionable parts. He was appointed foreign banker and financial agent of Landgrave

William, and at once entered on a more extensive and more profitable range of business than had previously been within his reach. He was a rich man in 1806, when the Landgrave, being in his turn forced to flee from the onslaught of Napoleon, just then carving out a kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome, entrusted to him his treasure of three million florins, something like 250,000*l.* This money he invested very successfully; lending at exorbitant rates, pawning for trifling sums the property of owners who in those unsettled times were never able to redeem their property, and turning pence and pounds in every possible way that the usurer at any rate would consider honest. When he died, in 1812, he left twelve million florins to be divided among his five sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan Meyer, Charles, and James. From these five sons he exacted an oath upon his death-bed, that they would keep his business intact, extending it as much as they could, but acting always in partnership, so that the world might know only one house of Rothschild. The oath was strictly kept, with this exception, that Nathan, the third son, proving the cleverest of them all, came to be practically the head of the house in place of his elder brother Anselm.

Fourteen or fifteen years before that Nathan had left Frankfort. Very soon after the opening of the enlarged business in 1797, when he was about one-and-twenty, he had represented to his father that there were too many of them in Frankfort, and obtained from him a sum of 20,000*l.*, with which to go and push a fresh connection in Manchester, then full of the turmoil of the new cotton trade, and crowded with young adventurers glad to borrow money at high rates of interest, for the sake of investing as manufacturers or warehousemen. This was the best possible field for young Rothschild's talents, and he reaped from it a golden harvest. He was money-lender and pawnbroker. He also speculated in raw cotton in the Liverpool market, and dabbled both in calico making and printing, and

in the selling of the manufactured goods; boasting that while his neighbours were content with the single profits of one or other of these three businesses, he succeeded in pocketing all the three profits. By 1803 it was guessed that his 20,000*l.* had grown into 200,000*l.*

In or near that year he left Manchester to settle in London, considering that the most successful of all his businesses, that of money-lending, could be carried on quite as well in one place as another, and that other work as remunerative would be more within reach in London than in any smaller town. This change, indeed, was part of a plan by which eventually the five brothers took possession of all the chief centres of European commerce, Anselm remaining in Frankfurt, Solomon being sometimes in Berlin, sometimes in Vienna, Charles being in Naples, James in Paris, and Nathan in London.

In 1806 Nathan married a daughter of Levi Barnet Cohen, one of the wealthiest Jew merchants then in London. Prudent Cohen, it was said, after he had accepted him as his daughter's suitor, became nervous about the extent of his property. A man who speculated so recklessly, he thought, was very likely to be speculating with other people's money. He therefore asked for proof of young Rothschild's wealth. Young Rothschild refused to give it, answering, that as far as wealth and good character went, Mr. Cohen could not do better than give him all his daughters in marriage.

If 'good character' meant steadiness and skill in money-making, he was certainly right. Nathan Rothschild was without a rival in that art. Having persistently advanced his fortune in private ways through some years, he began, in 1810, to trade in government securities. He bought up, at a discount, a number of Wellington's drafts for the expenses of the Peninsular war, which the Treasury had no funds at hand for meeting, and by transferring them to the government at par, with a prolongation of the term of payment, he managed to help it out of a difficulty, and at the same time to insure a large profit for himself. 'It was

the best business I ever did,' he used to say; and it was certainly the beginning of a new stage in his glittering—more glittering than brilliant—course of money-making. It and other like services that followed made friends for him at the Treasury, and so helped him to procure early information as to the progress of war and the policy of the English and foreign governments, which gave him a notable advantage over his fellow-stock-jobbers. The ramifications of the Rothschild establishment, and connections on the continent, moreover, made him the best agent of the government in transmitting money to the armies in Spain and elsewhere, and this agency he made profitable to himself in various ways. Finding the immense power that he derived from his appliances for securing early information in foreign affairs, he made it his business to extend and increase them to the very utmost. He turned pigeon fancier, and buying all the best birds he could find, he made it his holiday work to train them himself, and so organized a machinery for rapid transmission of messages unrivalled in the days when railways and telegraphs were yet unknown. He made careful study of routes, distances, and local facilities for quick travelling, and mapped out new roads for the passage of his human agents carrying documents or money. The South-Eastern Railway Company, it is said, established their line of steamers between Folkestone and Boulogne because it was found that Rothschild had already proved that route to be the best for the despatch of his swift rowing boats.

Rothschild's greatest achievement in overreaching distance and his fellow-speculators was in 1815. He was near the Château d'Hongoumont on the 18th of June, watching, as eagerly as Bonaparte and Wellington themselves, the progress of the Battle of Waterloo. All day long he followed the fighting with strained eyes, knowing that on its issue depended his welfare as well as Europe's. At sunset he saw that the victory was with Wellington and the allies. Then, without a mo-

ment's delay, he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homewards. Everywhere on his road fresh horses or carriages were in waiting to help him over the ground. Riding or driving all night, he reached Ostend at daybreak, to find the sea so stormy that the boatmen refused to trust themselves to it. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman to make the venture for a reward of *scd.* In that way he managed to reach Dover. At Dover, and at the intermediate stages on the road to London, other horses were in waiting, and he was in London before midnight. Next morning, the morning of the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, crowded round him for news, that Blucher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had been able to reach the field; that by himself he could not possibly succeed, and therefore the cause of England and her allies was lost. The funds fell, as they were meant to fall. Every one was anxious to sell, and Rothschild and his accredited agents scoffed at all who brought them scrip for purchase. But scores of unknown agents were at work all that day and all the next. Before the Stock Exchange closed on the afternoon of that day, the 21st of June, when Nathan Rothschild's strong boxes were full of paper, he announced, an hour or so before the news came through other channels, the real issue of the contest. Very soon the funds were higher than they had ever been for many previous weeks; and Rothschild found that he had made something like a million pounds by his quick travelling and clever misrepresentation.

Other millions came, rather more slowly, from other transactions of a like nature. Sometimes he was unsuccessful. In negotiating the English loan for 12,000,000*l.* in 1819, the first national loan for which he was a contractor, he lost something. He suffered a little also from a French loan in 1823, which fell ten per cent. in a few days' time. In both those instances, however,

he managed to get rid of his bad bargains before his customers knew all the facts, and so threw nearly all the burden upon them. By his association in Lord Bexley's scheme for funding exchequer bills in a three and a half per cent. stock, he was said to be a sufferer to the extent of nearly 500,000*l.*

A great part of Rothschild's wealth, however, came from his negotiations of foreign loans. These he was the first to make popular in the English market. Preparing for his customers precise details of the state of foreign money projects, he further helped them to share in them by establishing, under his own management, a mode of paying the dividends in London, and at an organized tariff of English money. He soon came to be the principal agent of all the great or needy governments — Russian, Turkish, French, German, North American, and South American—in disposing of their scrip to the English stock-jobbers.

Out of nearly all such transactions he secured large profits; one of them by itself yielding the 115,000*l.* with which he bought the estate of Gunnersbury, near London. They helped him also in his old business of bill discounting. 'He never,' it was said just after his death, 'hesitated for a moment in fixing the rate, either as a drawer or as a taker, on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive that, notwithstanding the immense transactions in which he entered on every foreign post day, and that he never took a note of them, he could, on his return home, with perfect exactness dictate the whole to his clerks.'

In all sorts of other ways of making money Nathan Rothschild was as clever. The story of his mercury transactions is well known to many. Nearly all the mercury procurable in Europe comes either from Idria in Illyria, or from Almaden in Spain. The Almaden mines, famous and profitable through five-and-twenty centuries, had fallen for some years into disuse before 1831, when Rothschild, becoming contractor for a Spanish loan, proposed,

as recompense for his trouble, to hold them for a certain term at a nominal rental. That was cheerfully agreed to, and the mines soon began to give token of renewed activity. In a kindred way the great merchant obtained possession of the mines at Idria. The consequence was that the price of mercury was suddenly doubled. Rothschild had quietly acquired a monopoly of the article, and he was able to charge for it whatever he thought fit. It was nothing to him that the exorbitant prices which helped to feed his coffers drove some smaller tricksters to scrape off the quicksilver from old looking-glasses and the like, and work it up into poisonous calomel, as well as bad material for new mirrors, thermometers, and so forth.

For this mercury contrivance Rothschild was much and properly abused. His conduct was not often such as could be expected to win the admiration of his fellows. Once he was in need of bullion, and accordingly went to the Bank parlour to ask for a loan. The gold was given to him on his engagement to return it by a certain day. When the day came Rothschild was again in Threadneedle Street. But instead of the looked-for gold he produced a bundle of notes. The officials in attendance reminded him that the Bank reserve had been broken in upon for his accommodation, and that he had promised to return the money in kind. 'Very well, gentlemen,' he is reported to have replied, 'give me back the notes. I dare say your cashier will honour them with gold from your vaults, and then I can return you bullion.'

The great man's jokes were not very brilliant. The best of them owes its point to his Jewish pronunciation. At a Lord Mayor's dinner he sat next to a guest noted for his stinginess, who chanced to say that, for his part, he preferred mutton to venison. 'Ah, I see,' Rothschild answered; 'you like mutton because it is sheep (cheap); other people like venison because it is deer (dear).'* Rothschild was stingy

* Somewhat smarter was a speech recorded of Nathan Rothschild's nephew, the

too in all business matters, and especially, it was said, as regarded the salaries he paid to his clerks. But there was plenty of venison and turbot to be had at his house in Piccadilly. There he did his utmost to ape the fashions and catch the patronage of the ladies of society in the West End; and all the appointments of his house, and of the frequent banquets given in it, were marked by wonderful glitter—but it was only glitter. 'You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild,' said one of his visitors once. 'Happy! me happy!' he exclaimed. 'What! happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, "If you do not send me 500*l*. I will blow your brains out!" Me happy!'

At another time two strangers, presenting themselves at his counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, were admitted into his private room. They were tall foreigners, with moustachios and beards such as were not often to be seen in the City thirty years ago; and Rothschild, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets, and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of 'Murder!' The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a

great banker at Vienna. During the insurgent times of 1848, some six or eight republicans rushed into his counting-house, informed him that the days of liberty, equality, and fraternity had now arrived, and accordingly insisted on his sharing his wealth with them. 'Well, my friends,' he said, 'what do you suppose is the amount of my wealth?' 'Fifty million florins,' answered one. 'You have a good deal overrated it,' was the reply; 'but never mind that. There are about fifty million people in Germany; so that, according to your reckoning, each would expect a florn from me. Here are your florins. Good-morning.'

banker so much more wealthy, had had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

Anecdotes of that sort abound. They show, what the life of every other greedy money-maker shows, that happiness cannot be bought with wealth alone. Nathan Rothschild, however, was a zealous money-maker to the last. It was the wish of his father that the house of Rothschild should continue united from generation to generation. Each of the brothers had a share in all the others' concerns. It was in furtherance of the general scheme that, some time before, Nathan's youngest brother, James, had married one of his nieces. In 1836 it was resolved that Nathan's eldest son, Lionel, should marry one of his cousins, a daughter of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort. With that object the father and son went to Frankfort in June. But on the wedding day Nathan fell ill. He died on the 28th of July, not quite sixty years of age. On the morning following his death one of his own carrier pigeons was shot near Brighton. When it was picked up there was found under one of its wings a scrap of paper, with these three words, 'I am mort.'

None but his own kindred ever knew what was Rothschild's real wealth. The guesses ranged between three millions and ten. To his widow he left 20,000*l.* a year, with life interest in the house in

Piccadilly and the estate of Gunnersbury. Each of his four sons had received 25,000*l.* on his becoming of age, and to each 75,000*l.* was to be given on his marriage. To his three daughters, besides 25,000*l.* apiece on their reaching the age of twenty-one, 100,000*l.* was left, half as a wedding present, half to remain in the business at four per cent. interest. 'Their marriage, however,' it was characteristically ordered in his will, 'can only at any time take place with the sanction of their mother or brothers; and in the event, which is not to be supposed, that in such respect they shall not be able mutually to agree, and their mother or brothers should refuse their consent, then shall my brothers decide thereon, and this decision is to be complied with unconditionally by all parties.' If the daughters married without consent they were to lose everything.

The Chief Rabbi, in preaching the funeral sermon over a coffin, 'so handsomely carved and decorated with large silver handles at both sides and ends, that it appeared more like a cabinet or splendid piece of furniture than a receptacle for the dead,' applauded the charity of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who, during his lifetime, had entrusted him with some thousands of pounds for secret almsgiving. But that was all that the world ever heard of the rich man's use of his riches in any praiseworthy or honest way.

H. R. F. B.

A GERMAN ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

THE great characteristic of the Germans, as a people, is their nationality. The love of the Fatherland is the ruling emotion which in everything nerves and inspires Germans to fresh endeavours; and this trait we find in them wherever they are, whether members of a small fraternity in a foreign land, or of a great nation in their own country. A German never forgets that he is a German, and that those of his nation, with whom he is thrown in

contact, are his brethren. And it is in great measure, I think, this feeling which leads Germans to establish and maintain associations of all kinds; associations for the cultivation of music, of gymnastics, and various other pursuits; associations whose members are ever ready to obey the call of the parent association in the Fatherland, and to assemble from all parts of the world to do honour to one of the fêtes held by the parent society. An

instance of this occurred last year, at the time of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, when upwards of thirty thousand Germans flocked from America, Australia, and other distant lands, to attend a festival which lasted but three days, many of them leaving Germany again as soon as the fête was over.

I was never more struck with German enthusiasm than when, in the course of last long vacation, I was fortunate enough to be present at two German Turn Fests, or Athletic Festivals, the one at Darmstadt, the other at Freiburg. I think it may interest some of your readers, who are now looking forward to the third anniversary of our greatest English athletic meeting, to read even a brief account of what they can do, and are doing, in a similar way on the other side of the Channel, though much, that I would gladly relate, cannot be condensed into the space of so short a notice.

These Festivals do not appear to be regularly held at the same towns, nor on any fixed days; but they take place annually, and are celebrated in turn at most of the principal towns in Germany. On these occasions about four acres of ground are specially enclosed, and gymnastic apparatus, of which more hereafter, are erected temporarily; for although there are always two or three gymnasiums in every German town, yet these would be quite inadequate to provide accommodation for the vast numbers who, as competitors or spectators, frequent these popular gatherings.

It is worthy of note that any idea of gain or profit is quite foreign to these gatherings; the expense incurred in preparing the ground is very great, and the prizes are merely nominal, every one contending out of pure love for the honour and glory of these contests. In many cases the victors are only crowned; in none are their rewards of any substantial value. The ground was circular, and surrounded by gaily-decorated booths and tents, which provided for the refreshment of the wearied spectator or competitor, for I need not remark that the Germans do nothing without beer.

Round the circumference of an inner circle were arranged eight sets of apparatus, each set consisting of two fixed parallel bars, about four feet out of the ground; a movable horizontal bar, and apparatus for high jumping, and that curious-looking machine—familiar to every German, but comparatively strange to most English athletes—called the 'horse,' which consists of a padded body about four feet long, raised on four adjusting legs, with two ribs, a foot apart, running transversely across the body of the horse, each six inches from the centre. In the middle of the ground were erected poles and ropes for climbing, trapezes and ladders, among which were scattered rough blocks of unhewn stone, weights, and dumbbells.

The festivals always commence on a Sunday, when those of the competitors who have already arrived at the town, march in procession to the largest available building, where they partake of a midday meal, and afterwards are addressed by one of the leading men of the fête.

The Sunday afternoon is spent in practising for the coming struggle; for it is not until the Monday that the actual contests commence. By that time many more competitors and spectators have arrived, the town wears its holiday garb, the streets are thronged with crowds of holiday-makers, among whom the neat grey dress of the competitors is everywhere distinguishable. The ground itself is early beset by those who are anxious to secure the best places for witnessing the various contests.

The proceedings commence by dividing the competitors into squads, or companies, of about twenty or thirty members, each squad being then placed under the command of three officially-appointed judges, who led them away to that particular competition which they are directed or choose first to attempt. The programme included running high jump, running broad jump, putting the weight, exercises on the bars and horse, and foot-racing. I cannot do better than

take you, as I went myself, from one exercise to the other, and tell you in which they seemed to equal, surpass, or fall short of our standard. But here I must note a feature peculiar to these competitions, that every competitor who is desirous of obtaining a prize must reach a certain standard in every exercise, so many points being allowed for each, according to merit, and the winners of the greatest number of points in the aggregate being declared victors. This system I believe might with advantage be introduced into England, where individual excellence is much more highly valued and rewarded than general proficiency. Here a man must be *Cæsar aut nihil* in every contest he undertakes; for the moderate performer in a great many contests is quite unrecognized.

First, then, we looked on at the running high jump. The competitors jumped from a sloping board two feet square, and raised about two inches in front. This board had not much spring in it, but still it presented incomparable advantages over the turf from which we learn to spring. The style of jumping was decidedly bad; they all went at it too fast, and were very weak about the legs, having great difficulty in clearing the rope cleanly. They all jumped fairly well up to 4 ft. 10 in.; but few cleared the 5 ft. The best man in each company cleared about 5 ft. 2½ in., which may be considered equal to 5 ft. from the grass itself. There were very few 'naturally' good jumpers; all used more or less effort; and what struck me very much was, that they all jumped exactly in the same style. This I afterwards attributed to the fact that Germans always learn to jump or run, &c., in classes, several being taught by the same master; and as every exercise is performed by rule, the same rules prevail universally, and lead to uniformity in style.

The best broad jumpers covered about 17 ft. 6 in., though very few 16 ft. fairly: there was a great want of that power about the hips and thighs so essential to excellence in this exercise, nor did they lift them-

selves enough at the commencement of the jump. In fact, I saw few, if any, who could get well over 14 ft. of water, with a 3 ft. hurdle on the take-off side of it.

From the broad-jumping we adjourned to putting the stone; and were surprised to find that they put a rough piece of stone, fresh from the quarry, which seemed to me to be much more unwieldy than the shot of weight with which we practise. Among the heavier men were some very fine putters, equal to any I have ever seen: they put a stone which, from a rough guess, must have been over 19 lbs., from 35 to 38 ft.; but the winners in this class were, as a rule, large, powerful men, and not small men of great muscular development, as we not unfrequently see in competitions of the kind in England.

The gymnastic feats on the bars and horse formed the next event; and we followed the squad we had watched all the day, and with whom we were now quite friendly—having drained cups of wine together, and conversed as to the prospects of the success of each competitor. In these gymnastic feats the judges first set a qualification exercise; one of their number—in this case a well-knit, English-looking man—performing it with great grace and ease. This exercise was designed to test strength as well as activity, and all the competitors followed in turn, each doing his best, but one failed out of thirty. They all seemed thoroughly at home in these exercises; and the only distinction between their feats was the degree of neatness and ease with which they were executed. After qualifying in this manner, each competitor was at liberty to perform two exercises of his own choosing, and were marked by the judges according to their respective merits. It was very astonishing to me to see so many men, of all weights and ages, adepts at this kind of exercises, which were remarkable as displaying great strength in the muscles of the back and arms. In these feats they would have as far surpassed any set of Englishmen of equal numbers, as Englishmen would have excelled

them in the running and jumping competitions. By far the greater number of those who competed could perform easily feats which none but the most practised in England could achieve without great efforts.

The foot-racing, I must confess, much disappointed me; they ran two at a time, 93 yards out and 93 yards home, turning round two posts three yards apart. They showed no style, and, in but very few instances, any pace. The best time I saw done by any out of 200 competitors was 24½ seconds for the 136 yards; and many were 28 or 29 seconds. They had none of the 'springy' or elastic action of a good sprint runner, but a short, slouching style of going, such as one sees in a man quite out of condition after he has run 300 yards.

Gladly, when the long series of foot-races were over, we turned to the horse (Pferd), and watched with interest the feats thereon performed. The contest was carried on on the same principles as those described before at the bars; and the feats themselves consisted chiefly of some difficult vaulting feats, and twisting the body between, round, and over the hands, which firmly grasped the projecting ribs. My companions and I attempted several, but found them very difficult, though they evidently required more knack than strength.

At the close of this contest we were compelled to leave, so that

we did not witness the ceremony of crowning the victors.

Throughout the whole of these games I was astonished at seeing so very few uniformly well-developed men; in many cases there was a wonderful development of particular muscles; but in very few the symmetry arising from active exercise in youth. But throughout there was the German spirit of enthusiasm and fellow-feeling, infusing such life into the whole proceedings as one never sees among others than Germans—a spirit quite different from the clamorous partizanship which the impulsive English nature adopts, but a more quiet, peculiar method of taking the whole as part of the duty of every German. The whole nation, men, women and children, seem to be alike imbued with the love of the exercises, and all seem to know one another perfectly, owing to that national fellow-feeling which, as I have said, so strongly pervades all they undertake. I think it is this feeling which we want a little more in England—the feeling which makes one say, 'Well done, old fellow!' to the man who beats you; and the movements now being made in all parts of England to make these gatherings general, will doubtless tend greatly to this, as well as other good objects. Much I learned, and much, I believe, we might all learn, from an athletic meeting in Germany, although we are so apt to think Germans indolent and lazy.

D. D. R.



HOT-WEATHER LIFE OF A MAGISTRATE IN INDIA.

MY DEAR JONES—

I TAKE up my pen again, to fulfil my promise of continuing my sketch of a magistrate's life in India. In my last I gave you an outline of camp-life in the cold weather, which I told you was the pleasantest part of the year; and I now turn to the less pleasant topic of the hot season.

That Indian heat is excessive, most enervating and distressing in its effects, and very trying to the constitution of ninety-nine men in every hundred, is not to be questioned: but in spite of all this, there are redeeming features in it, as you will see, if you will take the pains to read my letter to the end.

Let us suppose the month of April to have commenced; the tents have been deposited in store, and their owners are in their houses, which have been whitewashed and rearranged, with a view to as much comfort as may be, during the coming hot weather: now two of the principal essentials to a cool house are darkness, and exclusion of the outer air when desired; for till the rain falls in July, the temperature of the outer air, for twelve or fourteen hours of every twenty-four, is of a height only to be described as scorching: to secure these two points, then, the doors are made to fit close, and the verandah, which surrounds every Indian house, is hung with blinds made of finely split cane, which keep out flies and glare: these are called 'chicks': they are very light, and can be readily rolled up and tied, when the object is *not* to exclude air and light. Every door opening into the air is likewise furnished with this description of blind: and in using the word *every*, here, I am reminded that one of the most striking differences between our houses in India, and those at home, is the extraordinary number of outer doors found in the former; the reason being that the house, which has only a ground-floor, is entirely ventilated and lighted through its doors, as windows are very rarely seen.

Every room in the house is, as a matter of course, provided with a 'punkah,' which even you may be supposed to have heard of, and to know as a species of fan. It consists of a long pole, almost as long as the room itself, from which depends a thick wadded fringe, about a foot and a half deep: the pole is suspended by fine cords from the ceiling, and at a height of about seven feet from the ground, to admit of people passing freely underneath it. The punkah is set in motion by means of a rope which is attached to the pole, and which, passing through a hole in the wall, is pulled by a man who is stationed for that purpose in the verandah; as this is kept going in two or more rooms, in proportion to the number of inmates of the house, day and night, a large establishment of men for the purpose becomes necessary, who relieve each other every two or three hours. As the height of the rooms is not less than nineteen or twenty feet, the are through which the punkah moves is considerable, and the body of air set in motion proportionately large. The mere waving of a fan, however, does not, of course, lower the temperature of a room; but it causes a constant current, which, blowing upon the inmates, serves to dispel the oppressive closeness otherwise felt.

But there are two plans for lowering the temperature of a room, namely, the 'thermantidote' and the 'tattie': the former of these, which stands in the verandah, is something like a winnowing-machine, and consists of a series of fans, set in an axle within a closed frame, and which are made to revolve with great rapidity by means of a driving-wheel, turned by a man, or sometimes by bullocks: the strong gust caused by the revolution of these fans, is introduced into the room through a small square hole in the wall (about a foot square), but before entering the room it passes through a mat of grass, kept constantly wet, and by this agency a reduction of eight or ten degrees

in the heat of the rooms is effected. The 'tattie' is simply a mat of sweet-smelling grass, made to fit each doorway exposed to the west wind (which is the hot wind), and this being kept constantly wet from the outside, the hot wind blowing on it causes very rapid evaporation, and a similar effect is produced as I have described to be by the thermantidote: both of these appliances, however, will only act with full effect up to the time the rain falls; for, as soon as the rains commence, the air is itself so charged with moisture that it loses its evaporating power.

Houses are left open all night for ventilation, and shut rigidly all day, from 7 A.M. till 7, and sometimes 8 and 9 P.M., up to which time the refracted heat from the earth is so great, as to render the house laid open to its influence hot and uncomfortable for the day.

The house of the magistrate will always be found in the 'civil lines,' a term used to express that portion of the station inhabited by the civil community, in contradistinction to the military lines, or cantonments, occupied by the officers and men of the army; and in those places where both a cantonment and a civil station are to be found, as Dinapore, Lahore, Allahabad, Lucknow, &c., the former is always at some distance, varying from one mile to three or four miles, from the latter. The reason of this is obvious; as the position which is essential to the civil station is the worst possible for the cantonment; immediate proximity to the native city being the end desired for the former, and the end to be avoided in choosing a site for the latter. In the first case, you will see it is very necessary that the magisterial and police authorities should be within easy access of the city, that they may readily supervise its bazaars, and look after its welfare and the public peace, and that the suitors may not have a needless distance to go to the Civil and Criminal Courts; but in the case of the cantonment, an open, high, and well-drained locality is the first desideratum; and the removal, as far as is possible consist-

ently with the public interests, of the soldiers from the temptations of the bazaars and grog-shops of the town.

The community at the civil end of the station consists of the Magistrate of the District and his assistants, the Police Superintendent and assistant, the Civil Surgeon, as the doctor is termed, the clerks of the various public offices, and, perhaps, one or two European settlers or shopkeepers. The houses are generally better here than in the cantonment; as the men who build or buy them have better prospects of permanency than their military friends, and consequently spend more time and money in improving them.

Having premised so much, which was positively necessary, I proceed to describe a day's life.

At four in the morning, or soon after, the gun in the neighbouring cantonment booms out, announcing that night is past and day at hand. This is a signal for all men of business, and, indeed, putting the question of business aside, for all who value exercise, to bestir themselves and sally out; for by half-past seven all chance of walking or riding, with either comfort or benefit, will be gone till evening, when the time for such is very short.

The magistrate has always plenty to do at this time; and he therefore gets under weigh as soon as possible, and, mounting his horse, makes his way first to the gaol, of which he has *ex officio* sole charge.* On arriving at the gate, the gaoler meets him, and reports the number of prisoners present, and anything of a nature calling for report which has occurred since the previous evening when he made his last report. The magistrate then goes round the gaol in company with the gaoler, and attended by a guard of four policemen, inspecting the pri-

* Of late, with a view of lightening the burden of the magistrate's work, the plan has been adopted of putting the gaol under the charge of the civil surgeon, who receives an addition to his income of 100*l.* or 120*l.* per annum for the work, and who has conferred upon him magisterial powers within the precincts of the gaol.

soners on parade, listening to any complaints preferred either by or against them, looking at their food, at the sick in hospital, and at the progress of the various manufactures carried on by the convicts. These are chiefly towels, dusters, matting, string and rope, tape, carpets, rugs, pottery, blankets, cloth of the coarse nature worn by natives, and, in some gaols, silk-weaving. Any case of insubordination or breach of discipline is then and there dealt with. Solitary confinement enters largely into the gaol system in India, and is imposed with good effect. As a rule the convicts do not give much trouble, the chief offences being smuggling of tobacco or money, and theft of the corn given them to grind in hand-mills, and now and then attempts at escape or *émeute*. Among the women internal squabbles, and sulky fits, when they refuse to work. There is a potent way of dealing with the ladies in the event of fits of obstinacy supervening, that, as far as I know, never fails: it consists simply in sending for a barber, and threatening to shave the head of the offender. I have known a woman refuse all food, and lie like a log on the ground, beat her breast with brickbats and tear up her clothing, brought to, in the twinkling of an eye, that eye being the barber's when summoned with scissors and razor.

The number of prisoners in the ordinary district gaols is from three to four hundred, and in the central or divisional gaols eight hundred to a thousand. The former description of gaol is built of sun-dried bricks, and the latter of burnt bricks and stone.

After the visit to the gaol is over, the dispensary, or charity hospital, or the school, is looked at, or may be the scene of some dispute in or near the city; after which a gallop round the cantonment occupies a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, by which time the sun is beginning to blaze fiercely, and the shelter of the house becomes desirable.

On reaching home, the magistrate finds table and chairs arranged in the verandah, on the shady side,

and 'chota haziree' (small breakfast), consisting of tea and toast and fruit, as peaches, mangoes, and melons ready spread; the post, too, will have come in, and letters and newspapers are examined. This is a favourite time for the interchange of friendly visits among immediate neighbours; and especially where the table is presided over by a lady, are the gentlemen who live near, glad to drop in and chat for half an hour; the gardener takes this opportunity of presenting his basket of vegetables for the day's consumption: a pretty and graceful custom, I think, for he shows great taste in grouping the various contents of the basket, contrasting well the scarlet tomato with the fresh green and white of the lettuce, and the dark-red cabbage with the snowy cauliflower, the whole being surmounted with a large bouquet for the flower vase.

When the half-hour devoted to this repast is over, and the lady—if lady there be in the establishment, as, I contend, there should—turns to her housekeeping and letters, the magistrate can either receive the native visitors—accessibility to whom is one of his paramount duties—or dispose of his 'reports,' of which I spoke in my former letter, and the disposal of which, at this hour, is an excellent plan, as it is work which must be done, and which occupies considerable time often very hard to find when once the 'Cutcherry' (as the court-house is called) is entered.

At nine o'clock the bath is taken, and the toilette for the day is made; breakfast then appears; and at half-past ten the buggy comes round, and the magistrate drives to his 'Cutcherry.' This is a large railway-terminus-looking building, containing rooms for the magistrate, and his assistants, English and native, and for the police officers, record rooms, English and Persian offices, lock-up and treasury.

I have already explained the nature of the office duties to be performed, and will not, therefore, recapitulate them, but merely mention, that the judicial work is much augmented when the civil officers

are at the station; as suitors who can afford to wait, prefer putting their claims before the courts, when the judge is at their doors almost, to following the camp about from place to place all over the district.

The heat and sense of unwholesome oppression in court, in the hot weather, it is impossible to give you an adequate idea of; but with the thermometer at 98° and 100° , and the room crowded with perspiring natives, redolent of rancid butter, garlic, and other abominations, you may conceive that it is far from a pleasing atmosphere.

He is a fortunate man who can leave his office at half-past five or six o'clock in the evening at this time of year, with the knowledge that he has done his day's work; and it is striking to observe the difference, in the capacity for disposing of work, shown by different men, as their constitution of mind and temperament vary. Industry will do a great deal, no doubt; but order, and the power of giving the mind wholly to the one thing before it at the time, do more.

To understand how difficult this is to attain to, you must bear in mind that the official I am describing is not only a magistrate with cases the most heinous and complicated to deal with daily, and a civil judge of large jurisdiction, but also the collector of a very large amount of revenue, and the custodian of it and other public money, in a variety of funds, which he has to administer; that he has a tract of country as large as Yorkshire under him, and has to govern the people of this tract, numbering from three to four hundred thousand, to administer their affairs, fiscal, civil, and criminal; that he has to make and maintain one or two hundred miles of road; to carry out public works, often of great magnitude; to superintend the education of the rising generation of his district; to master the laws, and circulars interpreting them, issuing almost daily; to direct, advise, and instruct his assistants, and to hold himself ready to give an opinion, at any moment, on questions of law or policy which may be referred to him.

On reaching home after his day's work, the bath and dressing-room are again resorted to, and in a short time the fagged but temporarily-refreshed official prepares to take his daily drive round the station, to 'eat the air,' as the phrase is in Hindostanee. The choice of drives is seldom great; round the barracks and home past the church, or round by the church and home past the barracks, being about the extent of the alternative.

Twice or thrice a week one of the regimental bands plays in the public gardens, and pale ladies and children, and white-clothed officers, civil and military, assemble there to listen to the music and groan over the heat. Truly at times one is tempted to feel, 'What business have Englishmen in this land?' The atmosphere is of the colour of pea-soup, or a London fog of the yellowest, but the colouring matter in this instance is dust held in suspension in the air, and which is more or less prevalent during April and May: every now and then the air and sky are cleared by a dust storm, and when one of these visitations takes place at the time of the evening drive, or when the band is playing, the result is a scene of confusion which would be amusing were it not so abominably disagreeable; the big drum and the first bassoon, the trombone and the triangle vie with each other in their headlong flight before the storm.

The approach of the storm is generally made known by the oppressive stillness which precedes it being disturbed by a breeze, growing stronger and stronger as the wall of dust, black as night, sweeps swiftly nearer and nearer, obscuring first the distance, then the foreground, and then swallowing you up in its dusty columns that come circling down on you like giant waterspouts. Horses and men, buggies and carriages are put to flight, and vainly do the ladies try to save their locks from being coated with filth by attempting to tie shawls and handkerchiefs over their heads, and to swallow as little as may be by closing the mouth; but the dust is not thus foiled, for

up the nose, through the lips, and one is tempted to think through the very pores of the skin it forces itself, till mouth and throat, eyes and hair, are all filled: of course, under these circumstances, doors are of small avail in keeping out the dust, and it is therefore no surprise on reaching home to find books and furniture, carpets and one's very dinner effectually powdered; indeed very pretty patterns may be drawn on the table or dinner plate by him who can use his forefinger with skill on these occasions.

It is on record that in 1849, after the Punjab campaign, one of these storms lasted seven days and nights at Wuzzeerabad; the misery endured by officers and men exposed to it you may conceive; washing was a farce; every man looked like a miller, and ate more dirt with his food in that week than most of us think sufficient in a lifetime. At mess each unhappy man covered his plate over with another plate, which he lifted from time to time sufficiently to allow his spoon or fork to pass, and then replaced.

After dinner on moderately cool nights, or, more properly speaking, on nights not immoderately hot, it is usual to sit outside in the garden in easy-chairs, and talk or smoke, or often, I fear neither, for sleep with irresistible power takes possession of the frame, and with the best intentions the conversation gradually flags, the cigar drops from the lips, and nothing less than repeated tugs at his foot by the slave of the bed-chamber suffices to rouse the sleeping form of the master of the establishment. Of the ladies I for two reasons hesitate to speak; first, from motives of respect and delicacy for the sex, and secondly, because after the above confession it is possible my evidence may not be considered wholly conclusive. This quiet style of evening is sometimes disturbed by the necessity of giving and accepting dinners, and in some places a moonlight entertainment *al fresco* from nine till eleven is the fashion, when the band discourses sweet music, and much iced claret cup is consumed. This latter class of conviviality, however, is restricted to

the period before the rains set in, for as soon as they commence, not only the dampness of nature, but the 'snakiness' thereof, forbid out-of-door night amusements.

Snakes give little trouble till July, when they begin to show themselves and make themselves felt. Casualties from their bites among the English are very rare, though there are daily narrow escapes, but among natives the number is quite shocking, and has attracted the attention of Government; fifty per cent. of the deaths I have no doubt might be avoided, by timely application for the remedies placed for general use at each police post, but laziness and superstition prevent men from seeking these in time.

Gardeners and men whose work lies among long grass and weeds, are of course always liable to be attacked by snakes on account of their involuntarily disturbing them. I had an old gardener once who had had several narrow escapes from snakes of a deadly species, as well as several bites from less venomous ones; and it was his custom at the end of the rainy season, on a particular day, to show his veneration and respect for the race, by making them a thankoffering in the shape of dozens of little saucers of milk, which he placed round his house and about the garden for their use.

Sunday, I need hardly say, is a day of rest; but to the man who has not resources in himself and his home, it is to a great extent a wearying and irksome day. Morning service is at five or half-past five, and evening service at six or half-past; thus, at six or seven o'clock in the morning a man finds himself back in his house, from which he will not be able to stir for twelve hours, and with none of his ordinary occupations to fill the void and exercise his mind; under these circumstances what wonder if he doze away the greater part of the day to the detriment of his liver, and congratulates himself that at all events he is a busy man for six days out of seven. As I am not writing a moral essay on the value of time or talents, but merely telling you what from expe-

rience I know to be the case, I need not offer any comment on this way of passing the Sunday.

I must mention one more circumstance that is curious, and to be met with in most stations during the rains, namely, the eruptions of winged ants that visit us. These take place generally about sundown, and if you sit down to watch one, the effect is very curious: from a little hole in the earth a stream of winged ants issues forth with a rapidity and volume quite surprising; they make their way to every lighted lamp and candle, and rapidly fill the room, covering the floor, the walls, and tables in a way that must be seen to be believed. If dinner happens to be on the table it must be covered up and left, and every light removed from the room, while it is cleared by the broom from these unwelcome visitors and their wings, for they drop their wings all about the place and die, almost as soon as they have

succeeded in establishing themselves in the house.

On re-reading my letter, I find that I held out hopes of showing you that hot-weather life was not wholly disagreeable, but that 'redeeming features' were to be found in it. I fail, however, to discover in what I have written record of any very enviable moments, and I suppose, therefore, that from a desire not to take a gloomy view of the life, and also perhaps the recollection of some pleasurable moments in connection with iced claret cup, to enjoy which thoroughly you must visit India, I have been betrayed, as to the 'redeeming features,' into making a somewhat random statement. You will, however, doubtless forgive this, and wish me continuation of the power of thinking that there are 'redeeming features' in the least agreeable phases of life.

Yours ever,
OLIM SOCIUS.



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Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

LILY.

[See Page 217.]

LILY.

I'VE lost my heart a dozen times
 And sung sweet songs and wailed
 To many a faithless maiden;
 A dozen times all hope has flown,
 A dozen times I've sat me down
 With care and sorrow laden.

A baby-boy of seven years,
 I lavish'd sighs and wasted hours
 On Mary, ten years older;
 Does she remember Prior Park?
 The magic lantern? In the dark
 I kiss'd her on the shoulder.

Again my flitting thoughts recall
 The sunny slopes of Ilford Hall,
 Its master stout and fussy;
 The beds of strawberries, the swing,
 The laughing girls who made me sing,
 The merry voice of Gussie.

I wander now t'wards Braunston Chase
 With blue-eyed cousin Carolina
 Across the blue heather,
 I well recall the summer heat,
 The breezes and the cool retreat,
 And resting, yes, together.

Ah! long ago we laughed at love,
 And vowed no power could subvert
 Our hearts; we hoped to marry;
 Stern parents said it would not be,
 And soon Miss Mary said to me,
 And so did Loo and Carry.

Of course I thought myself ill-used,
 I fought my fight and was refused,
 I'll honestly confess it,
 Now chaffing friends protest I do
 On any face or petticoat,
 As coarsely they express it.

Well, anyhow, the other night
 I met a darling, fairy light,
 Whose Christian name was Lily.
 She had such eyes and was so fair,
 Such rosy lips, such golden hair,
 She slew me, willy nilly.



Drawn by Adolphe Gazon.

LIT.

L I L Y.

I'VE lost my heart a dozen times,
 And sung sweet songs and written rhymes
 To many a faithless maiden ;
 A dozen times all hope has flown,
 A dozen times I've sat me down
 With care and sorrow laden.

A baby-boy of seven years,
 I lavish'd sighs and wasted tears
 On Mary, ten years older ;
 Does she remember Prior Park ?
 The magic lantern ? In the dark
 I kiss'd her on the shoulder.

Again my flitting thoughts recall
 The sunny slopes of Ilford Hall,
 Its master stout and fussy ;
 The beds of strawberries, the swing,
 The laughing girls who made me sing,
 The merry voice of Gussy.

I wander now t'wards Branseombe Chine,
 With blue-eyed cousin Caroline
 Across the lilac heather.
 I well recall the summer heat,
 The breezes and the cool retreat,
 And resting, yes, together.

Ah ! long ago we laughed at fate,
 And vowed no power could separate
 Our hearts ; we hoped to marry.
 Stern parents said it would not do,
 And soon Miss Mary said so too,
 And so did Loo and Carry.

Of course I thought myself ill-used,
 I fought my fight and was refused,
 I 'll honestly confess it.
 Now chaffing friends protest I doat
 On any face or petticoat,
 As coarsely they express it.

Well, anyhow, the other night
 I met a darling, fairy light,
 Whose Christian name was Lily.
 She had such eyes and was so fair,
 Such rosy lips, such golden hair,
 She slew me, willy nilly.

We waltz'd upon a polish'd floor,
 I led her to her carriage door,
 And felt quite brokenhearted.
 I hop'd that we should meet again,
 We bow'd, up went the window-pane,
 I sigh'd, and thus we parted.

Is that her voice? 'Your sister, Fan,
 Is dress'd and ready; naughty man
 To keep two ladies waiting.'

I answer, 'Waiting? What! for me?'
 'Of course,' she says, 'we long to see
 The gardens and the skating.'

'Well, let us trudge across the snow,
 And mind, now, when I whisper low,
 Don't think me very silly.
 I'll freely own, for your sweet sake,
 I'd like my heart again to break,
 My very charming Lily!'

C. W. S.

ART IN THE AUCTION ROOM.

Prices.

IN a previous article a promise was made to select from the margins of recent catalogues a few of the more noteworthy prices obtained in the auction room for works of art and ornament. Necessarily it must be very few—just enough to indicate the set of the tide of taste or fashion—for to treat the subject sufficiently, would require a range of examples that would need a running commentary and ample space to render them intelligible. Before citing our instances it may, however, be as well to caution the novice that prices, whether high or low, are not to be regarded as an absolute criterion of value. As the rule, it may be assumed that articles such as we are treating of, when sold publicly in the principal art auction rooms of the metropolis, and in presence of the leading dealers as well as collectors, will fetch pretty nearly their current price. But current price is a very different thing from actual worth, and depends often as much on the caprice of the hour as on the excellence of the article. Hence the contrasts, anomalies, and fluctuations in price which are continually presented, and of which some instances were given in the former article. Take two or three more. In 1750, Hogarth put up to auction the six paintings of the 'Marriage à la

Mode,' and had the mortification to see them knocked down for 110 guineas. The frames had cost him 24 guineas: so that for the pictures, the best painted, the purest in treatment, and the noblest in purpose of all his works, he received just 141. 7s. each. On the other hand, in 1863, a single picture by Mulready, of about the same size, 'The First Voyage,'—some children drawing a younger brother along a brook in a washing tub,—a very pretty picture of its class, but bearing about the same relation to any one of the Hogarth series as a play of Tom Taylor's does to one of Shakspeare's, sold at Christie's for 1450 guineas. In justice to the taste of the end of the last century, it must be added that when the 'Marriage à la Mode' series was sold by Christie in 1792, it fetched 900 guineas, and five years later was knocked down by the same auctioneer for 1381l. The purchaser on this occasion was Mr. Angerstein, with the rest of whose pictures it was bought in 1824 for the National Gallery. The sale price of the 'Marriage à la Mode' cannot therefore be again tested; but we may be certain that in 1864 it would be something very different to that of 1750, or even 1797.

Again, at the great Stowe sale, 1849,

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an earthenware plate, 9 inches in diameter, of the kind of Majolica known as Caffingiole, was sold to a dealer for 4l.—probably as much as it cost the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Bernal gave the dealer a sovereign for his bargain. At the sale of Mr. Bernal's collection in 1855, this plate was bought for the South Kensington Museum for 120l.! Its special interest arises from its having on it a representation of a Majolica painter at work in his studio. Probably it is quite worth the 120l. given for it by the South Kensington big-wigs in 1855; but then what becomes of the 4l. of 1849 as a test of value? The explanation, of course, is that Majolica was not much heeded in 1849 and was the rage in 1855, and South Kensington is very sensitive to the influence of the mode. Compare with this an instance of depreciation in price. Josiah Wedgwood, among other notable works, produced fifty exquisite reproductions of the Portland vase. A few years ago a good copy sold at Christie's for 200 guineas. Last July a still finer copy was sold there for 27 guineas. Perhaps at the present moment—Mr. Gladstone's *eloge* on Wedgwood, and the announcement of an elaborate biography having recalled attention to the greatest of our potters—if a copy were put up for sale a much nearer approach to the old price would be obtained.

In our notes of prices precedence must be given to Pictures, and according to right of seniority, to the works of the old masters; though of late years these have somewhat fallen from their pride of place in the London sale-room. Partly, no doubt, this has arisen from the increasing rarity of very fine examples. Pictures of a high order are year by year being absorbed in national galleries and great hereditary collections, from which there is no return, and there are no newly-discovered repositories whence a fresh supply can be drawn. But there has also been gradually operating a change of taste for modern pictures among British buyers. When a really great picture by one of the old masters comes into the public market, whether here or elsewhere, competitors for it are many, eager, and open-handed. The most striking recent example, and that which will occur to every one, was Marshal Soult's famous picture of the 'Immaculate Conception,' by Murillo, which was sold at Paris, in May 1852, for 24,612l. (615,300 fr.) This was the largest sum probably ever obtained for a picture at a public auction, but then the competitors were

personages of no ordinary magnitude, they being the newly-elected Emperor of the French, laudably zealous for his country's *gloire*—which Parisians had somehow persuaded themselves would be sullied by the expatriation of the Murillo—the Queen of Spain, no less zealous to recover one of the stolen jewels of her diadem, the Emperor of Russia, seemingly bent on carrying off the prize from both, and the Marquis of Hertford, in the actual encounter the last to give way. It was a pretty price, and profitable for the Soult family, seeing that the picture cost the illustrious marshal only the little twinge his conscience must have felt at filching it from the altar for which Murillo painted it. But Soult bagged too many church pictures for the special sanctity of any one to trouble him long, and so his family reaped the benefit. It is, by the way, worth noting that this picture would have adorned our National Gallery instead of the Louvre, could the authorities have been aroused by repeated applications. Soult himself, in 1824, proposed, through Mr. Buchanan, to sell this and his seven other Murillos on comparatively easy terms to the English government; but the offer was declined. Again, after the revolution of 1848, the political horizon looking troubled, the marshal became anxious to convert his Spanish pictures into English gold. The price set on the 'Immaculate Conception' was about 6000l. It was deemed too high, and the opportunity was lost. When, four years later, it realized four times that sum, a Murillo fever set in; but it has cooled down now. In 1860, a renowned English Murillo (known as the *Belvedere*), the same in subject as the Paris picture, and, as some said, equal in merit, whilst it was larger in size, was put up by its inheritor at Christie's, but bought in because no one could be found to advance beyond 9000 guineas—a sum we may question whether it would reach if offered for sale in 1864. The following year (1861) another 'Immaculate Conception,' and one the genuineness of which seemed not to be doubted; which, shortly after it was painted, had been carried to Mexico by an archbishop of that country; not returned to Europe till 1853; and eventually consigned to England with some parade and offered in private for 4000 guineas, only realized under Christie's hammer a poor 900. At the sale of Earl Clare's pictures, June 1864, a 'Peasant holding a bottle, a wreath of vine on his head,' one of Murillo's finest works of its class, sold for 1300 guineas.

On the whole, Rubens, among the older masters, seems to have best preserved his popularity with our picture buyers. His works always fetched high prices, and choice examples have steadily increased in market value. Thus the well known 'Rainbow Landscape,' which, when brought to England at the beginning of the present century, with difficulty found a purchaser at 1500*l.*, was sold by Christie in 1823, at Watson Taylor's sale, for 2730*l.*, and when it again came under his hammer, at Lord Oxford's sale in 1856, brought 4550*l.* Again, not to multiply instances, a 'Portrait of a Lady,' believed to be the wife and children of Rubens's friend, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, was bought by Lord Ward at Christie's, in 1860, for 7500 guineas; a price which quite throws into the shade that given for the more famous 'Chapeau de Paille,' for which Sir Robert Peel paid 3500 guineas. Of Rubens's great scholar, Vandyck, one of the most noteworthy of the late prices was 1850 guineas given by the Marquis of Westminster at Christie's, in 1861, for the celebrated picture of the 'Bolingbroke Family.' The year before, 1000 guineas were given in the same room for a three-quarter portrait of his fellow-pupil, Snyders, the animal painter. A head, by Rembrandt, of something over average merit, brings about a like sum, but on the whole, although the Jew that Rembrandt drew (with his etching needle) is in greater request than ever, the fruit of his paint-brush is somewhat less eagerly sought after. At any rate, we have had no such prices of late as that obtained at the sale at Christie's in 1811 of the 'Portrait of the Master-Shipbuilder,' for which 5000 guineas were given. There is, however, a sad lot of rubbish got rid of in auction rooms under the name of Rembrandt, of which his pencil was quite innocent—and of these the novice should beware, or he may receive a rough lesson. Very recently, for example, there was sold in King Street, what the catalogue termed 'a noble work,' by Rembrandt. It had been bought at the sale of Mr. Lee, of Shelton, for close upon 400*l.*, it now fetched 15*l.*! Of course before Mr. Christie's hammer fell its spurious character had been determined; but instances of a like kind are of frequent occurrence.

Of the other Dutch and French masters a nearly similar report might be made. Very fine examples secure large prices, but average specimens are of lower value than formerly in the auction room; 1070 guineas for a 'Woody

Landscape,' nobly painted, by Hobbema (1857), and 890 guineas for an 'Interior,' by Ostade (1860), may be regarded as above the average. Fifty years ago a fine 'Village Festival,' by Teniers, sold at Christie's for 1732*l.*; a remarkably fine Khmerese was sold by Christie, at Mr. Oppenheim's sale, June 1864, for 1450 guineas. At Lord Northwick's sale, 1859, a well-known landscape, 'The Miseries of War,' by Wouverman, sold for 1035 guineas; at the La Fontaine sale, in 1811, Christie sold his 'Hay Harvest' (now in the Royal Collection), for 1700 guineas. Again, the 'View of Dort,' by Cuypp, which, when brought to England a century back, was purchased by Captain Baillie for 70*l.*, fetched at Lady Stuart's sale 2200*l.*; but at late sales, among the highest prices obtained for a Cuypp are 1500 guineas for a remarkably fine 'Morning Scene,' at the Saltmarsh sale in 1860, and 920 for 'A Landscape,' at the Northwick sale the year before. These may be taken, perhaps, as showing that the value of this class of works is not advancing; and we have certainly had no such sum as 1890 guineas given of late years for 'Peasants and Cattle,' by A. Vandevelde; nor, perhaps, as 1677 guineas for a 'Landscape,' by Both—prices obtained by Christie in 1811. On the other hand, instances occur of a marked rise in the price of particular works, as at the sale of Mr. Scarisbrick's pictures in 1861, where a 'Calm,' by W. Vandevelde, which was bought at the Redleaf sale, in 1852, for 215 guineas, fetched 620. At the same sale a 'Landscape,' by Ruysdael, no doubt of finer quality, realized the handsome amount of 1250 guineas. In 1864, a 'Grand Romantic Landscape,' by Jacob Ruysdael, from the Oppenheim collection, sold for 1450 guineas; whilst at the same sale a Group of Flowers by Jan Van Huysum fetched 500 guineas.

Pictures of high character by the great Italian painters are of rarer occurrence in the auction room than works of corresponding rank by the masters of the Netherlands. A masterpiece by Raffaele would create a sensation and render the year memorable in the annals of King Street. But no such event has happened of late. It will therefore suffice, as space is limited, to mention, without comment, two or three of the higher prices obtained in the last few years. At Lord Northwick's sale, 1859, a 'Cupid Wounded,' by Giorgione, sold for 1250 guineas; the 'Birth of Jupiter,' by Giulio Romano, to the National Gallery, for 929*l.*; and the 'Stoning of

St. Stephen,' by Garofalo, a well-known painting from the Balbi Palace, for 1530 guineas. At the same sale a St. John, very finely painted by Carlo Dolci, fetched the large sum of 2010 guineas, and at the Scarsbrick sale, in 1861, a St. James, by Guido, brought 1250 guineas—sufficient proof that the taste for this class of art has not materially declined. Whether it be that Ruskin's censure of Salvator Rosa has influenced purchasers, or opened their eyes to his faults, or that fashion has for the moment turned aside from him, or only that first-rate examples have not been offered, certain it is that his pictures have not brought high prices lately. Such sums as 1500 guineas have been given at Christie's, in 1801, for a 'Rocky Scene' by him, and 2100 guineas for a 'Landscape,' at Sir Mark Sykes's sale in 1824; but of late 300 or 400 seems to be quite the outside price. For a Claude the highest price we have noticed lately was 850 guineas in 1860; but a great work by him would undoubtedly obtain a much larger sum.

The class of old pictures which has most decidedly risen in sale-room estimation is that of the true pre-Raphaelites—the Italian masters of the quattrocento. To name only a few. A Giotto, quaint and interesting, but assuredly not one of his best works, though praised by Vasari, 'Christ receiving the Soul of the Virgin,' sold in June 1863 for 950 guineas, at Mr. Davenport Bromley's sale—the chief collection of these works brought to the hammer for a long time. At the same sale 'Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives,' by G. Bellini, sold to the National Gallery for 600 guineas, and the 'Holy Trinity,' by Peselli, to the same institution for 2000 guineas, a sum which extorted a round of applause from the assembled votaries of early art. A 'Portrait of La Simonetta,' by F. Lippi, or A. Pollajuolo, for the learned differed as to its paternity, brought 460 guineas; and a 'Virgin and Child,' by Botticello, 750 guineas. Equalling these, however, was the price (800 guineas) obtained for the 'St. Catherine,' of Conegiano, and one or two others of the same period at Lord Northwick's sale four years before. At this last sale occurred one of those little slips which shows how much the acumen of the experts is sometimes at fault. A 'Virgin and Child,' attributed to Verrocchio, was purchased by Mr. Bromley for 230 guineas. At the Bromley sale, four years later, it was called a Boltraffio and sold for 440 guineas—a very handsome profit. But the noticeable thing was that it was

purchased for the National Gallery, the agents for which were of course at the Northwick sale, though they then failed to recognise the value of the picture. But it is not only in these early pictures that such oversights happen. At the Northwick sale, Mr. Bromley bought a 'Virgin and Child,' said to be an early work of Leonardo da Vinci, and referred to as such in Mr. Rio's life of the great Florentine; but its attribution was evidently disbelieved, as it sold for 15 guineas. At Mr. Bromley's sale it fetched 140 guineas.

The most striking increase of price is however shown, where we may be well content to witness it, in the English pictures. A carefully-collected list of the prices originally paid for such of the more important works as have of late come into the auction room, of those who were in their day the most admired and most patronized of our painters, would supply some suggestive illustrations of the mutations of taste or fashion. We must be content, however, to pick out only a few stray examples. The works of the head of the British school have from the first steadily risen in value. A picture by Reynolds, in good preservation, though it be only the head of some unknown fair or dimpled child, never fails to excite a *furor*. For the portrait of Miss Bowles—a merry little maid playing with a spaniel—the Marquis of Hertford paid 1020 guineas, at Christie's, in 1850; and in the same room, in 1850, Lord Ward gave 1100 guineas for the head of pretty, prim Penelope Boothby, a picture for which the painter received 50 guineas in 1788. But the culminant price for one of these half-lengths of little girls was that mentioned in the previous paper, 2100 guineas, paid by the Marquis of Hertford, at Samuel Rogers's sale, in 1856, for the charming 'Strawberry Girl.' But Reynolds's ladies are as attractive as his children. A very pretty portrait of Mrs. Carnac (for which Reynolds was paid 75 guineas) was bought by the Marquis of Hertford—the most munificent of the Reynolds collectors—at Christie's, in 1861, for 1710 guineas; and the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, as 'Contemplation,' which was in the International Exhibition of 1862, sold at Christie's, the following year, for 1000 guineas. The 'Braddyl Family' brought 1000 guineas in 1862. His 'Puck,' for which he received 100*l.* from Admiral Boydell, was bought for 200 guineas by the poet Rogers, at the sale of whose pictures, in 1856, it was knocked down to Earl Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas. Reynolds made a few, and

but a few, attempts in 'high art.' They are now in much less esteem than his portraits, and would probably bring an inferior price at a sale. But it was not always so. His well-known 'Holy Family,' was painted for Macklin, the publisher, from whom Reynolds received 500 guineas for it. Macklin sold it to Lord Gwydir for 700 guineas. At the sale of Lord Gwydir's pictures, in 1829, it was knocked down for no less than 1950 guineas to the Directors of the British Institution, by whom it was presented to the National Gallery. At the same sale, and for the same purpose, the Directors purchased Gainsborough's 'Market Cart' for 1050 guineas. And this is about the proportion which a work of Gainsborough's still bears to one of equal celebrity by Reynolds. For example, Gainsborough's 'Miss Haverfield,' a sweetly-painted child taking her morning walk, brought 750 guineas at the Windus sale, 1859; and 'Response,' a landscape in his lighter manner—the painter's bridal gift to his daughter—sold for 780 guineas at the Bicknell sale, in 1863. Wilson, it is to be feared, is under eclipse, pictures by him having of late brought but moderate prices.

The pictures of few of the contemporaries or immediate successors of the great triumvirate bring prices at all corresponding. The largest sum recently obtained was 1600*l.* for Copley's 'Death of Major Pierson,' purchased for the National Gallery at Lord Lyndhurst's sale, in February, 1864. Morland's pictures, once prominent in the auction room, have of late hardly held their ground there, owing, in some measure, to the knowledge of the number of sophisticated works and imitations which have found their way into collections, but also, no doubt, to a change of taste. Recently, fair specimens have only realized such prices as 140 guineas for 'Peasants in a Storm,' and 144 guineas for a 'Wood Scene, with Sportsman,' at Christie's in 1863, and a 'Rocky Coast, with Shipwreck,' 160 guineas, 'The Death of the Fox,' 150, and 'Cornish Wreckers,' 170 guineas, at Mr. Hesketh Smith's sale in May 1864. The works of Willkie always fetch fancy prices, and those of another old favourite, Leslie, seldom fail of appreciation. At the Northwick sale, Leslie's 'Columbus and the Egg' brought 1070 guineas; and at the Bicknell sale, 'The Heiress,' for which Mr. Bicknell paid him 300*l.*, brought 1200 guineas.

Some painters, but indifferently appreciated whilst alive, have of late

risen remarkably in the market. Patrick Nasmyth is one of them. At the Northwick sale, in 1859, two landscapes, a 'View in Leigh Woods,' and a 'View of Windsor Castle,' for which Lord Northwick paid the artist only 100*l.*, sold respectively for 750*l.* and 588*l.* The landscapes of Crome of Norfolk, though always esteemed, brought no very high prices; but after the surprise and admiration they excited in the International Exhibition, and one of them, 'Mousehold Heath,' being purchased for the National Gallery for 1000*l.*, there can be no doubt that a fine specimen would command a high price at Christie's. Pictures by Müller, if genuine and untouched, fetch large sums. Constable's landscapes are very uncertain.

On the whole, the most surprising and least fluctuating advance in value has been in the works of our greatest landscape painter, Turner. At the sale of Mr. Wadmore's collection in 1854, three pictures, 'Cologne,' 'Dieppe Harbour,' and 'The Guard Ship at the Noro,' sold for 5619*l.* Mr. Wadmore having paid Turner for them only 1100*l.*; and at the Bicknell sale, 1863, ten pictures, for which Mr. Bicknell paid (mostly to the artist) 3750*l.*, brought no less a sum than 17,361*l.* Of these ten pictures the highest price (2510 guineas, original cost 300) was given for 'Antwerp: Van Goyen looking for a subject,' painted in 1833. This, the most perfect representation of the action of wind upon the surface of waves rolling in the opposite direction, elicited three hearty cheers when placed on the stand; and, at the private view, Stanfield might have been seen gazing long on it, in unrestrained admiration. But a somewhat higher price, 2520 guineas, was obtained at the sale of Mr. G. R. Burnett's pictures, in 1860, for the 'Grand Canal, Venice,' so well known by Miller's engraving. Several other of Turner's pictures have fetched over 2000*l.*, and many more have only just fallen short of that sum; but it would occupy too much space even to give their titles.

A still larger sum, 2950 guineas, was given at the Bicknell sale for an 'English Landscape with Cattle,' by Sir A. Callcott; but then the picture was a very large one, and the cattle were by Landseer; and Callcott has always enjoyed a reputation among collectors, difficult to account for in a painter of so little originality.

The prices paid for pictures wholly by Landseer's pencil are little short of marvellous. At the Bicknell sale, his 'Two Dogs' (25 inches by 30), for which

Mr. Bicknell paid him 300*l.* in 1839, actually fetched 2300 guineas; his 'Highland Shepherd,' which cost 350*l.*, sold for 2230 guineas, and a very uninteresting 'Prize Calf' for 1800 guineas. And prices almost as surprising have been readily obtained at other sales. Nor, indeed, have other of our principal living painters fallen much short of this high money standard. At the Bicknell sale, Mr. Stanfield's 'Beilstein on the Moselle,' which cost 250 guineas in 1837, sold for 1500; his 'French Coast near St. Malo,' for which a like sum was paid in 1838, sold for 1230 guineas; and his great picture of 'The Pic du Midi,' for which he received 700 guineas, sold for 2550. Almost parallel was the price, 1370 guineas, given for David Roberts' 'Interior of St. Gomar, Lierre, Belgium,' for which he received 300*l.* in 1850. Webster's well-known pair, the 'Smile' and the 'Frown,' bought at Mr. Knott's sale for 240*l.*, fetched at Mr. Bicknell's 1680*l.*; his 'Good Night,' for which 250 guineas were paid in 1845, sold in 1863 for 1160; whilst his 'Breakfast' sold at the Northwick sale for 1150 guineas. MacIise is another painter whose works command handsome prices. At the Redleaf sale, in 1852, his 'Bohemian Gipsies' brought 1050 guineas; whilst at the Northwick, his 'Robin Hood' was knocked down for 1305, and his 'Marriage of Strongbow and Eva' for 1710 guineas: but these are of large size and full of figures. Corresponding prices might be enumerated which have been obtained for the pictures of Mulready, Linnell, Hook, Millais, Rossetti, Frost, and other of our older and younger contemporaries; but the array of figures is already sufficient as an illustration, and might be tedious if prolonged.

Pictures in water-colours have risen in value equally with those in oil. In this branch of art Turner has again decidedly the lead. Little rude drawings for engravers, the size of a playing card, will readily fetch forty or fifty guineas. At the Bicknell sale, his 'Woodcock Shooting' and 'Mowbray Lodge,' drawings of only moderate size, sold for 510 guineas each, the two having cost the late owner 120*l.* At Mr. Hough's sale, in 1860, 'Bamborough Castle' brought 500 guineas. But the culminating price for a Turner drawing was 1800 guineas, paid by Lord Ashburton at Mr. Allnutt's sale, June 1863, for the 'Tivoli,' perhaps the finest, and one of the largest, of Turner's drawings, but a good deal faded. This drawing was a great favourite of Mr. Allnutt, who em-

ployed Goodall to engrave it in his best manner, in order to distribute prints among his friends. Turner, hearing of this, applied for an additional payment for the copyright, and, on Mr. Allnutt declining, refused to sell him any more drawings. Mr. Allnutt also had several copies made of it both in oil and water-colours. The best of the latter, by David Cox, was sold on the same day as the original, and realized 150 guineas. As the work of a man of genius, it had of course some points of interest, but as a copy from Turner it was worthless, missing at once the general colour and effect, and all the subtler beauties of feeling and detail; yet, strangely enough, when resold at Foster's, less than six months later, it was bought by a dealer at no less than 270 guineas. Far better worth the price paid for it was David Cox's noble 'Valley,' which sold at Allnutt's sale for 410 guineas. Conspicuous among the remarkable prices given at the Bicknell sale for water-colour drawings were those for Copley Fielding's 'Bridlington Harbour,' 530 guineas (cost 36); 'Rievaulx Abbey,' 600*l.* (cost 40*l.*); and 'Crowborough Hill,' 760 guineas, the price paid to the artist having been 25 guineas! David Roberts' 'Great Square of Tetuan,' for which Mr. Bicknell paid him 20 guineas, sold for 410. William Hunt's works also always bring a great advance on their original cost. 'Black and White Grapes,' which cost 10 guineas, sold for 50; the 'Tambourine Girl,' cost 25 guineas, sold for 190; and only last December a little rustic figure, entitled 'Grandfather's Boots' (13 inches by 9), sold at Foster's for 150 guineas, at least five times what the artist received for it.

Perhaps the reader will be ready, from all that has been said, to draw the conclusion that the purchase of English pictures from the artists themselves must be an excellent way of investing money. No doubt of it—if you buy wisely. But remember, with reference to buying, that even in the studio you have to compete with shrewd dealers as well as wealthy collectors; and, as regards selling, that the fancy prices quoted are nearly all for pictures from famous collections; and some of the prices of the Bicknell pictures, for example, would almost suggest that as much was due to the name of the collector as to the merit of the picture.

The prices obtained for ENGRAVINGS is even more remarkable than those of pictures, inasmuch as they depend on so many circumstances extraneous to the excellence of the work—as their

rarity, width of margin, brilliancy and earliness of impression, and in some of the most striking cases on what is really an imperfection. Thus an impression of Raphael Morghen's 'Last Supper,' with a plate on the table left white, will sell for more than double the finest impression taken after the engraver had discovered and rectified his oversight. Strange's 'Henrietta and her Children,' 'before the jewels on the table,' sells for some pounds more than when the jewels, which are a decided improvement, are added. So is it with Rembrandt's 'Burgomaster Six,' and several other of his etchings; some of the etchings of Callot, and many other prints. This may seem, and in many cases is, a mere puerility, or the vanity of a collector desirous to possess what is almost unique; but it is partly justified by the fact, that the condition is a warranty of the print being taken from an unworn plate. But to go properly into the question would require a paper by itself; and so let us pass on to record a few of the higher representative prices.

Marc Antonio Raimondi, Raffaele's favourite engraver, stands by consent at the head of the craft; and the prices paid for his prints, when really in fine condition—for more than almost any other engraver has he suffered from impressions taken from worn-out and re-touched plates—fully accord with his position. His 'Judgment of Paris,' after Raffaele, which the catalogue very justly described as 'one of the finest impressions known of a print of the greatest rarity,' was sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson—the Christies of engravings—at the sale of the choice collection of Mr. Johnson of Oxford, April, 1860, for the astounding price of 320*l*. This is, I believe, the highest sum ever given for an engraving in an English auction room; but at the same sale a copy of Raphael Morghen's 'Last Supper,' after L. Da Vinci, 'a most splendid proof before the letters, and with the white plate; a print of the greatest rarity,' only five others being known, sold for 31*g*! A similar print of the 'Last Supper' was, however, knocked down at a sale in Paris, in 1862, for 33*g*!; but I am told that, proving on examination to be somewhat imperfect, the purchaser refused to take it. In London, in the same year, an impression in the same state was sold for 275*l*.; and a fine ordinary proof, at Dr. Wellesley's sale in 1858, for 80*l*. A proof of Raimondi's 'Judgment of Paris' sold at Dr. Wellesley's sale for 60 guineas; at the Johnson sale, his small single figure of 'Lucretia,' after

Raffaele, sold for 75 guineas; his famous 'Transfiguration,' earliest state and full margin, for 80*l*.; and his 'Five Saints,' after the same master, for 66*l*. A unique proof before letters of R. Morghen's 'Aurora,' after Guido, by many considered his best print, sold at Sotheby's, in 1862, for 105 guineas. A proof before letters of Longhi's 'Marriage of the Virgin,' after Raffaele, sold at the Johnson sale for 74 guineas; at Sotheby's, in 1856, for 60; and at G. Smith's sale, in 1861, for 53 guineas. A brilliant proof before letters of F. Müller's celebrated engraving from Raffaele's 'Madonna di San Sisto' sold at the Johnson sale for 120*l*., and an ordinary proof at Smith's sale for 71*l*. At Mr. Brooke's sale, in 1853, Lucas van Leyden's 'Christ Presented to the People,' produced 77*l*., the highest sum yet reached by a print of this master. Albert Durer's 'Adam and Eve,' a fine proof, sold at Johnson's sale for 46*l*.; but a still finer proof had, a few months before, brought at Paris 64*l*. Prices quite on a level with these are also obtained by private sale; thus a unique proof of Wille's 'Instruction Paternelle,' better known as 'The Satin Gown,' was sold for 70*l*. by Messrs. Evans to the British Museum in 1851.

The works of our older English engravers hold their own right worthily in the sale-room. Thus a proof before letters of Sir Robert Strange's 'Charles I. in his Robes,' after Vandyck, with the margin complete, sold at the Johnson sale for 50 guineas; and good proofs of his other Vandyck prints and the great Italian masters range from 20 to 40 guineas. A unique copy of Hogarth's 'Midnight Modern Conversation,' the word 'modern' being spelled with two *d*s, a blunder discovered after one impression was taken, fetched, some years back, 78 guineas. With this exception, the highest price for an English print is, I believe, that obtained at the Johnson sale 'a most brilliant and finished proof, all but unique,' of Woollett's 'Niobe'—70*l*! This is undoubtedly Woollett's best print—perhaps the best landscape engraving extant; but its price is accounted for by the tradition that Boydell, for whom the engraving was executed, had only two proofs taken, and these he kept for himself. But a second was sold at Mr. Clarke's sale in 1856, for 52 guineas, and three others are known. The original price of the print was 5*s*. The highest price recently given for a fine proof of Woollett's 'Battle of La Hogue,' by some said to be his best print, was 27*l*., at Sotheby's, in 1861.

Like other objects of art, engravings have their mutations. Some years ago there was a passion for English portraits; and so far did the mania extend, that bibliophiles dreaded to leave an eager collector alone in a library in which were many good heads by Hollar or Faithorne. Many a Granger is reported to have been enriched in this way, and many a rich one despoiled. The passion was at its highest between the Townley and Sykes sales, 1818—24. It is now nearly at ebb. In March, 1861, a choice impression of Faithorne's 'Viscount Mordaunt' fetched 34*l.* at Sotheby's; but two years later, Hollar's famous portrait of Sir Thomas Chaloner, which at the Townley sale fetched 81*l.*, sold for 10 guineas.

There has been no fluctuation, however, in Rembrandt etchings. From his own day they have been eagerly sought after; every variation of state, colour of ink, and difference of paper carefully noted, owner's names recorded, and, as a consequence, their value has continued to rise. An etching of 'Christ Healing the Sick' became known soon after its issue as 'The Hundred-guilder print,' from Rembrandt refusing to sell a proof it under that then enormous price—about eight guineas. Twenty years ago a fine proof would fetch 60 guineas. At the sale of Mr. Johnson's prints in 1861, an India paper proof sold for 160*l.*; but a proof of the very finest kind has sold more than once in London for 250*l.*, the extreme price yet given for an etching. This price has, however, been very nearly reached in Paris, where, at a great sale of prints in November 1859, a splendid proof of the etching of the 'Burgomaster Six,' of what is known as 'the second state, sold, amidst unbounded excitement, for 22*l.* (5550 francs), the highest sum ever given for an etching at a French sale. At the same sale, a 'Portrait of James Lutma,' one of the most coveted of the Rembrandt etchings, 'first state, before the window, and also before the names of Rembrandt and Lutma,' sold for 84*l.*; at the Johnson sale, five months later, a similar proof brought 91*l.*, and a rare proof of 'Old Haaring' 107*l.*

We must, however, turn to other branches of the subject, though the space left will only permit us to touch and quit them. A century ago classic art held the supreme place, and the sale of a Greek vase of superior design produced quite a sensation among the dilettanti. A Mr. Edwards paid 1000*l.* for a large Greek vase, which is now in the British Museum; and for the fa-

mous one in the Museo Borbonico, Naples, a still higher sum was given. But this was the culminating price. At a sale in 1836, three Greek vases of great beauty were sold respectively for 280*l.*, 264*l.*, and 240*l.* each. Later, the prices declined, and almost in the proportion in which mediæval and cinquecento wares advanced. Greek art paled before the superior splendour and purity of that of the middle ages. In 1856 a remarkably fine vase was bought at Christie's for 122*l.*, by Mr. Forman; and the same gentleman, at the Hertz sale, in 1859, obtained a famous vase from the Canino collection, subject, 'Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector,' for 87*l.* Since then there has occurred a reaction. In June, 1863, a noted vase, 'Il gran Vaso del Capo di Monte,' sold at Christie's for 300 guineas.

Rare and choice specimens of the true old porcelain of China are in as much request as in the days of the 'Spectator,' or as when Horace Walpole was one of the busiest of the collectors. Mr. Birch, the great authority on ancient earthenware, says in his excellent article, 'Pottery,' in the 'English Cyclopædia,' that 'even mandarins might pause at the prices given' in England for Chinese crackle, '60*l.* and 70*l.* being paid for sea-green or turquoise-blue vases.' But if they might pause at these prices, they would surely stand aghast at more recent ones. At Mr. Fortune's sale (Christie's, June, 1859), a bottle of pale turquoise crackle, 17 inches high, sold for 131*l.*, and a vase of the same material, 14 inches high, with the imperial dragon, &c., in relief, brought no less than 210*l.* That there has been no falling off since was shown at Lord Lyndhurst's sale, last February, where a pair of old Nankin jars (not crackle) sold for 120*l.*, and another pair for 125 guineas.

For Majolica, the coarse opaque earthenware, painted and iridescent, manufactured and decorated with so much skill in various Italian cities during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and long known as *Raffaello*-ware, from a belief that at least some of the varieties were painted by Raffaello himself, or by his scholars from his designs, very remarkable prices continue to be given. For a plate, 80*l.* or 100*l.*, or, as we have seen, even 120*l.*, have been paid; and at a sale in Paris in 1859, for an Urbino plate, 11 inches diameter, no less than 180*l.*; for a basin twice that sum; for a vase, from 200*l.* to 300*l.*; and 40*l.* or 50*l.* for a small Doccia cup.

But French pottery and porcelain are in still higher favour than Italian.

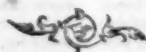
Take first the famous old *Sèvres*. At Christie's, in May 1863, an oviform cup and cover, 6 inches high, turquoise blue, mounted on a silver-gilt tripod of the time of Louis XV., and a pair of saltcellars to match, sold for 315*l*. Yet this is moderate compared with what particularly choice examples fetch. Thus we have at Christie's, in 1859, 449*l*. paid for a gros-bleu vase and cover, 18 inches high, with Diana and Calisto on one side, and a bouquet of flowers on the other; 569*l*. for a pair of oviform vases and covers; and 590*l*. for a gros-bleu central vase and cover, 17 inches high. Again, at General Lygon's sale (Christie's, April, 1864), a pair of gros-bleu vases and covers, *pâte tendre*, 38 inches high, with medallions (7 inches by 3), painted by Morin and Boulanger, sold for 1900*l*.; and an oval plateau of gros-bleu for 490*l*.

Then in Palissy ware we have, as Mr. Birch informs us, such prices as 84*l*. for a candlestick; and we find the South Kensington Museum paying 60*l*. for an oval dish, with reptiles, &c., in relief. But these are insignificant sums compared with that paid at the sale of M. Rattier's collection in Paris, in March, 1859, where two round cups, about 9 inches in diameter, sold for 500*l*. At the present time more competition would be excited in a London, and perhaps in a Paris sale-room, by a piece of undoubted Henri-deux ware, that peculiar kind of stone-coloured pottery of which every known example in England was exhibited in a single case at the South Kensington Loan Exhibition in 1862. One specimen was the property of the Museum—a circular plateau 14 inches in diameter, which was purchased at the Bernal sale for the comparatively moderate sum of 140*l*. A ewer in this case, 14½ inches high, belonging to Sir A. de Rothschild, the largest and perhaps the finest specimen of the ware extant, was purchased at the Odier sale, Paris, 1842, for 80*l*.: it is believed that it would now bring little short of 2000*l*. Sir Anthony has a somewhat smaller ewer, which he secured at the Strawberry Hill sale, 1842, for 19 guineas: it

was valued in 1862 at upwards of 1200*l*. What a choice example would now fetch may be surmised from the fact that at the Rattier sale a triangular saltcellar, 5½ inches high, brought 504*l*.—a very pretty sum for a little bit of brittle whitey-brown crockery. The only excuse for such extravagant prices is the extreme rarity of the ware.

The more beautiful Limoges enamels command equally high prices; but then whilst their rarity accounts for, their true artistic character in a great measure justifies, the largeness of the sums given for them. The South Kensington Museum has an oval dish, with a mythological subject in colours in the centre, by F. Limoges, 15 inches by 11, for which 200*l*. were paid; a plateau, 16 inches, and ewer, 11½, subject, 'The Gifts of Fortune,' which cost 400*l*.; and a triptych, with the Crucifixion in the centre, and the Bearing of the Cross and the Entombment on the sides, signed F. Raymond, 1543, 350*l*. But these sums, liberal as they seem, are largely exceeded by those obtained in the auction rooms of Paris, where this national fabric is greatly prized. Thus, at the Rattier sale, a circular plate, only 8½ inches in diameter, with a representation of the Descent from the Cross, *en grisaille*, heightened with gold, by Jean Penicaud III., sold for 600*l*. (15,000 francs), the largest sum I can find recorded for an article of the kind.

And with this I may close this paper. There remain other sorts of enamels: Dresden and Chelsea, Berlin, Worcester, Wedgwood, and a great many more varieties of crockery; Venetian glass, all kinds of orfèverie, gems, nielli, bronzes, ivory carvings, parquetry, buhl, and every description of bric-a-brac; and under one or other of them we might place such prices as 430*l*. given for a set of twelve silver apostle spoons at Christie's in 1858; 1200 guineas given by the Marquis of Hertford in the same room last June for 'a Louis XIV. commode massively mounted in *ermolu*,' and numerous other extravaganzas. But enough has been done to show the abundance and quality of the supply. We have merely tapped the spring.



CLUBS AND TAVERNS.

THE subject of this article is a very wide one indeed; and, seeing that we have no scientific theory to propound as to the existence of the institutions with which it deals, we intend to ramble through it as discursively, as irregularly—as purposelessly, if you will—as ever we choose. We don't care the least what judgment may be passed upon our lucubrations by the newspapers. We are sure of our public. You have only to mention the word 'clubs,' and every woman pricks up her pretty little ears at once, as much excited as were the apprentices of old upon the shouting out of that well-known watchword. When the advertisements apprise the world that 'London Society' will contain an article on clubs, we may snap our fingers at criticism. The ladies will buy up *that* number.

It is difficult to know where to begin on such a subject as this; however, as historians have introduced the fashion of giving you a preliminary sketch of the state of things which existed before the period of which they themselves are about to write—a prelude, by-the-by, sometimes half as long as the play—we, not being grave, methodical writers like them, and being entitled, therefore, to still greater licence, shall set out with a preface upon the tavern, the anteroom, as it were, of our subject, and a pleasant theme to linger on, in spite of the disreputable old age into which tavern life is slowly sinking. The decline of taverns has experienced a sudden access of rapidity within the last dozen years; a fact partly attributable to the closer relations into which we have been brought with foreign countries since 1851. The restaurants of London, where French dinners can be had, such as the Hôtel de Provence, Sablonière, the Solferino, the Globe, and half a hundred more, are not *taverns*. By this sacred word we mean the regular old-fashioned, dark-wainscoted, green or red-curtained room, in which our grand-

fathers, great-grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers before them, ate supper, drank port and punch, smoked pipes, and talked politics and literature. There are but very few such houses still remaining in London at the present day. The Cock, the Cheshire Cheese, the Mitre, and Dick's, in Fleet Street—the latter still showing the identical long crooked passage down which Mr. Isaac Bickersteth had so much difficulty in piloting the gentlemen with whom he had just breakfasted at his house in Shire Lane, hard by, in consequence of the severity with which the laws of precedence were then observed—are four of the oldest. The Rainbow, in the same classic neighbourhood, only dates from 1820; and the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, is not really ancient. The Albion in Drury Lane is a good old tavern, but nothing at all like those in the neighbourhood of the Temple. Of course there were many more such in the old days. The Grecian, the Crown and Anchor, at the corner of Arundel Street, Old Slaughter's, The Gloucester,—scores might be mentioned, where gentlemen took their ease and their liquor before the club system had expanded. And elegant, luxurious, and respectable as the clubs are, we must still confess to a lingering regard for the free old tavern life. The peculiar advantage of the tavern was summed up by their *vatesacer*, Dr. Johnson, in one of his characteristic phrases. 'Sir,' said he, 'there is no other place in the world where the more trouble you give, the more welcome you are.' A man does not feel this even at his club, much less at his own house. Of course he doesn't mind what trouble he *does* give at a club; but at a tavern it is a pleasure to give it. Here, too, you have the genial relation of host and customer, which sheds a light of its own upon everything you eat or drink. And, what is more, for those who care about the point, the freedom of a tavern is infinitely greater than the freedom of a club. At the former you are

not merely formally, but really a stranger in the crowd. Nobody, except your particular friends whom you meet there, know either who you are, where you come from, what you do, or what you talk about. With your legs upon the bench of a tavern box, your pipe lit, your grog made, and a couple of clear hours before you, with the shades of mighty wits perhaps listening to your discourse, you enjoy a liberty which we can hardly conceive to be the privilege of even angels.

An easy chair in the club smoking-room, with the last new novel, is the next best thing—and, perhaps, if you are in an unsociable humour, a better thing. But for free, unrestrained talk, and entire absence of criticism or supervision, the tavern beats it all to nothing. That old rich brown coffee-room, looking out upon a quiet court of the Temple, with a row of trees down the middle, which make it pleasant in the summer time, has witnessed many a carousal, the like of which you cannot have in clubs; for in clubs, in the majority at least, the *sentiment* is lacking—the *genius loci*—the traditions which inspire talk, and rob even excess of its grossness, by encircling it with a halo of literary associations; by crowning it, so to speak, with a garland of Tatler and Spectator leaves.

If, then, it is asked—as doubtless it will be—why, if taverns possess all these attractions, they have been so completely superseded by clubs; we reply at once that the causes which produce all such social revolutions are sure to be very complex; and that no one reason, or even two, will suffice to explain the present one. To some extent, doubtless, the tavern-keepers have brought it on themselves. Refusing, with shortsighted economy, to keep pace with the progress of the age in matters of comfort and refinement, they must gradually have alienated a large class of their former customers, and have been ruined by rival establishments, had no other influences been at work. Then, again, the ambitious propensities of a different class in society, which has led them gradually to intrude into

taverns formerly almost the exclusive resort of gentlemen, may have had something to do with the migration of the latter to Pall Mall. Thirdly, the change which has taken place in the dinner-hour, enabling the lawyers to get more of their work transacted in the morning, and leaving them less to do at night, has lessened the inducements which formerly existed for dining in the vicinity of their chambers. These and other reasons would account for the first encroachment of clubs upon the pristine glories of the tavern. But the change once begun in this way has been followed, as was only to be expected, by a still greater deterioration in the quality of tavern accommodation. As gentlemen began to drop off from the tavern tables, the landlords grew even less solicitous than before about the quality of the viands and the wines placed upon them; about the training and civility of their waiters; about the cleanliness and neatness of their linen and table appointments. So that the natural result has followed, that there are not above one or two of the old-established taverns in London where a dinner can be served up, even though more trouble be taken with it, that can compete for a moment with the most ordinary repast at a decently good club. Nor is this inferior accommodation the result of superior cheapness. At the Cock you still pay three-and-sixpence for a beefsteak and half a pint of sherry. These are undeniably good. But when you consider that you would get this dinner at a club, with all its superior comfort, for exactly one half of the money, the contrast is striking. At taverns which are more than steak and chop-houses, you still pay from 6*d.* to 1*s.* for fish or soup, 2*s.* for the joint and cheese, 5*d.* or 6*d.* a pint for pale ale, 2*s.* 6*d.* a pint for sherry, 6*d.* a cup for coffee, 4*d.* and 5*d.* each for cigars, and a daily gratuity to the waiter which ranges from 3*d.* to 5*d.* Some few of them have so far consulted their own interests as to supply French and German wine at a cheap rate, but these are honourable exceptions; and wine of this kind is

to be had, as a general rule, better and cheaper at the lower class of eating-houses. And yet it would still be worth while for the tavern-keepers of Fleet Street and Covent Garden to make an effort to improve their fare. There is always a great number of men about the Inns of Court, on which still, as formerly, these taverns are mainly dependent, who do not belong to clubs; and who, if they did, would still prefer dining near the Temple. Numbers of them do still so dine, grumbling and growling all the while no doubt; but still they do it. These, however, will always be upon the lookout for some mode of bettering themselves; will be drafted away to the new-fashioned eating-houses, or join clubs, or get married, or do something desperate, rather than submit for ever to the costly and uncomfortable dinners which what ought to be their legitimate haunts still provide for them. We must not forget, however, that the late dinner hour which takes a man away to his club, likewise compels him to eat luncheon. And in the extraordinary quantity of luncheons consumed by the members of the British bar these hosteleries find some compensation for the falling-off in their old-fashioned dinner custom. Taverns, which are a wilderness at six o'clock in the afternoon, from one to three will be so crowded that it is difficult to find a seat.

Of course, in considering the expense of club dinners, it must not be forgotten that all those things which the tavern keeper has to pay for out of the profit upon what he sells are paid for at clubs by the entrance-money and subscriptions of members. We mean house rent, taxes, lights, firing, servants' wages, wear and tear of plate and linen, and so on. But then these funds at a club supply a great deal more than this. They supply reading-rooms, libraries, writing-rooms, billiard-rooms, dressing-rooms, and an infinity of other things besides, so that the account is not materially affected after all. The entrance-money to most clubs is from twenty to thirty pounds, the annual subscription from five pounds to ten. Of

course all these things vary at different clubs, but that is about the average; and for any single man in London it is money well spent. You can get an excellent dinner, with all the appointments as perfect and luxurious as they could be in a duke's establishment, at a charge varying from three-and-sixpence to five shillings. For the smaller of these two sums you will have either soup or fish admirably dressed, a joint or an entrée, bread cheese and beer *ad libitum*, if you want them, and a pint of sound claret or Burgundy. At all these clubs there is a dinner charge called 'table,' which includes bread, cheese, the ordinary vegetables and beer, and which everybody must pay whether he consumes those articles or not. This is either sixpence or ninepence; where it is ninepence, the dinner we have described would come to threepence more. The waiters, of course, being your own servants, are neither more nor less civil and attentive than you expect your own servants to be; generally speaking there is little or no fault to be found with them in this respect. A society with an income ranging from five to fifteen thousand a year, according to the number of its members, and consequently to the expense of maintaining its establishment, can afford to keep a good cook and a good cellar; and the excellent dishes and choice wines, which are thus procurable by bachelors whose incomes are very small, have been denounced by more than one satirist, who sees in them the greatest possible bar to matrimony. If men married solely to be made comfortable this theory might be true enough. But how few do so? Or what is a girl the worse for not getting a man who does? Love or money, love or money, these are the two motives which inspire ninety-nine out of every hundred marriages made by men under fifty years of age. After that period of life, indeed, they may perhaps think something about comfort. But no man under that time of life would take all the trouble of falling in love, proposing, and being married, for the sake of having his soup

hot, his potatoes mealy, his easy chair well padded, and his slippers well aired. That clubs do to some extent operate as a check upon matrimony is true; but that is because they restrain a great many men from going much into society. When the candid Major Yelverton informed his enamoured Eloisa that all he looked forward to in life was an arm-chair at the United Service Club, he gave a clue to the real attraction of these refuges. You go in after a long day's work, tired, and if in winter, cold, if in summer, hot. You walk into the dining-room, a light, warm and cheerful, or cool, shady and airy apartment, according to the season; laid out with a number of little tables all temptingly furnished with snowy linen, glittering glass, polished steel and silver. On a raised desk in the middle of the room, something like the reading-desk in a church, lies the bill of fare for the day, with printed forms ready for you to fill up, stating in the margin the length of time which each dish will take; the joints being brought up at specified intervals. You give your order, and while your banquet is preparing go upstairs to the dressing-rooms, where everything that the heart of man can desire is ready to your hand. Freshened up with your ablutions, you descend again to the reading-room just in time to look over the second edition of the evening paper, and to hunt up a friend to join your table at dinner, before the page makes his appearance with the tidings that your soup is ready. Well, down you go with Spanker of the War Office, or Spouter of the Southern Circuit, or Boozier the fellow of Brazenface, or any other fellow with no prejudices and many anecdotes, whom you may happen to meet. The pint of claret becomes a bottle; and perhaps you may call for champagne. You enjoy yourself extremely. After dinner you either retire to the smoking-room, where it is open to you to wallow, as Mr. Thackeray calls it, in an arm-chair like a feather bed, while you consume some cunning drink which stands at your elbow, and inhale the

fragrant herb either by pipe or cigar, wrapt in the pages of the last startling fiction, or, what is better, dreaming day dreams, as the smoke curls upwards, and revelling for a brief time in a fairy land of your own creation; or else you may betake yourself to either a cosy card-room or well-furnished billiard-room, where you will be sure of a good rubber at either whist or billiards, with gentlemanly companions and as low stakes as you like. The amusement, the society, the luxury with which you are here surrounded have an influence, like the song of the siren, upon all the

'Travellers o'er life's weary plain'

who go up and down and to and fro in this great city. After all, when a man is thoroughly tired with his day's work, to talk at a dinner-party, to say nothing of dancing at a ball, is really an effort to him. It is an effort, perhaps, which he may be all the better for making; but the temptation of the club to fagged brains and weary limbs is too great for most men to resist. Exclusive club life may, like the sirens aforesaid, turn men into swine. Mr. Thackeray believes it does. But clubs being established, it is too late to think about that now. And after all, the 'great moralist' aforesaid, as he undoubtedly deserves to be called, makes much the same admission in 'Pendennis' as our present observations are based upon: for he represents his hero taking refuge from the 'sameness and insipidity' of society in the bosom of 'shilling taverns,' which cannot be said to do a man more moral good than clubs; and where just as much bad language may be heard as in a Pall Mall smoking-room.

Thus it is, then, that clubs tend to promote celibacy; not so much because a man deliberately calculates that he is more comfortable in one of them than he would be likely to be in his own house, but because the ease, the relaxation, and the freedom which he enjoys there after work, are so much greater than he can hope for elsewhere, that he eschews balls and dinners, and consequently the society of ladies. Mr.

Thackeray, whose remarks on this subject appeared originally in 'Punch,' was writing for families, and was obliged to adopt something of a tea-table tone in discussing the question. That a man is the better for ladies' society we do not deny. But everything has its proper price, and we may be called on to pay too much even for this. No, no; depend upon it club life is not so bad as it is painted. Everything that a man does there he can do elsewhere if he chooses. At the club he is more sure of doing it in the company of gentlemen; that is the whole difference. And then, again, clubs have undoubtedly had much to do with the gradual disappearance of another habit more pernicious than the smoking of cigars, we mean hard drinking. A man who 'spends his evening' at a tavern must drink. There is literally nothing else for him to do; to say nothing of the 'good of the house,' which necessitates his consumption of a certain quantity of liquor. Besides, some of the wisest, gentlest, and most polished men in our history have been inveterate club men. And for a man who is too poor to marry we are not sure that constant ladies' society is any very great boon.

Besides the regular large clubs about Pall Mall and St. James' Street, there are, too, private clubs, which must not be passed over in silence. These are clubs founded by a small set of men who all know each other, and kept up by the continual engrafting of congenial elements. These are true *sodalities*, and the chief nurseries of conversational talent which we have left. Such clubs ought not to consist of more than about thirty members, and the qualification for membership should be character, rather than rank, profession, or occupation. A club formed entirely of literary men, or entirely of legal men, is a social blunder. A club of men who all possess 'humour,' and that sympathy with other men's thoughts and feelings which humour alone can give, is the perfection of male society. The greater the variety of taste, opinion, and occupation which prevails among them, the better, if

they have this one quality in common. I have known in my time many such clubs; have lived in them, and, intellectually speaking, by them. How jolly they are! Sometimes you meet every night, sometimes only once a week. In the former case a room is commonly engaged for the season at some convenient tavern, and a subscription levied for newspapers and magazines. In the most successful one that I ever knew, the room used to be thrown open to the club every night after six. At what hour it was closed I will not undertake to say. On Saturday night especially, when strangers could be introduced, the sittings were unusually severe. The room would fill, pretty generally, towards eleven, and as the company was in reality composed of picked men, such nights were indeed what Mr. Cyrus Bantam said of the Bath assemblies, 'moments snatched from Paradise.' I have seen men of all sorts here congregated together, eating kidneys, scalloped oysters, or poached eggs; drinking gin-punch, and smoking furiously, and every man seeming, by the interposition of some occult influence, to be brought up to his highest pitch of excellence, and to be saying good things which surprised himself. Barristers, clergymen, doctors, soldiers, artists, authors, journalists, and gentlemen at large, have all been represented in this one small club on the same night; and on such occasions, if any man were deficient in *esprit*, he seemed to become suddenly invested with it as with a wedding garment, for the time being, and to be, so to speak, translated. No great amount of luxury or personal comfort is looked for in clubs of this description; they are not formed for the indulgence of selfish—ahem! what was I a saying?—isolated habits of enjoyment. You do not here expect exquisite cookery, choice wines, deep bosomed voluptuous easy chairs, or the newest three volumes of fiction. You have the newspapers to supply topics of manly conversation; you have the honest steak, the long clay, the homely grog—no couches or sofas to act

as soporifics, and entice a man to shut himself up within himself. We want 'talk'—not the gossip and scandal which must of necessity predominate over every other kind of talk in a miscellaneous company; but good tough battling, which tests men's knowledge and brains, and wit and taste. The only drawback to such clubs as these is the difficulty of keeping them up. A knot of men happen at some time to be thrown together, who, by a lucky accident, combine the essential qualities for such an institution: the club is formed, and while the original members continue in it, all goes well. But, alas! this cannot endure for ever—*subeunt morbi, tristique senectus*—slowly and surely we find, as time goes on,

* That friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.*

Death, or marriage, or emigration, or feuds, break up the happy family, and then, although the name and the members may continue, the club is, in fact, dead. What is the Literary Club now, though it numbers among its members some of the greatest people in the land, to what it was when Johnson and Boswell, and Goldsmith, Langton and Beauclerc, Burke and Reynolds drank their claret round its board?

There are, besides such private clubs as these, private art clubs, private literary clubs, private scientific clubs, and so forth. But I never heard of but one private political club; it was called the 'Gifford,' and as may be supposed, from the title, was rigidly conservative. It was, in fact, a combination of political and literary elements, and was intended to serve as a kind of border land, where members of

Parliament and members of the press should meet each other over a cigar, and interchange ideas. The conception was a good one. But I never heard that it was attended with any great success, nor do I even know whether it is still in existence.

All these private clubs are formed rather on the model of the gatherings which used to take place at Button's and Wills's, than on the system of the great modern clubs. Addison meeting his party at Button's, and sitting till two o'clock in the morning over punch, burgundy, and tobacco, was, although *longo intervallo*, the prototype of our private clubbists, such as we have here described them. The scientific and philosophic clubs are perhaps the funniest of any. We know of one established for the express purpose of discovering some Roman remains, supposed to lie buried in these islands. The club was formed twenty years ago, but it has never once left Fleet Street.

And now, gentlemen and ladies, you know as much about clubs as the present writer can tell you. I might have made my picture fuller, but it would not have told you any more. I might have described club breakfasts as well as dinners, and the horror of my friend Bolster on discovering, as he sits down to breakfast at his club at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, that a bishop is about to take luncheon at the next table, who will regard him the while with fixed eyes of mingled compassion and dread. I might have painted in many more figures, and laid on the colours more thickly, after the fashion of the present day, but I have, I consider, done enough, and lay down my pen with an easy conscience.



AMY'S SECRET.

THE window looked on a sky of flame,
 On the rosy bloom of a rippling bay;
 Within we moved in an amber glow,
 And purple even our shadows lay.

I lean'd by the curtain's folds and read
 Wine-coloured words in a page of light;—
 Did the sunset only dazzle my eyes?
 Did its brightness only confuse my sight?

I had been home from the East a month,
 And you know what passes for beauty there,
 And I read to listening English girls,
 English beauties, and few so fair.

They were two cousins, Amy and Maud,
 (Seen in my dreams, oh! many a night,)
 Maud with her dark eyes dreamy and full,
 And fairy Amy rosy and bright.

Both so sweet and tender and true,
 From a boy they had been belov'd by me,
 And I often had thought, 'Does either love?
 Am I more to either than friend may be?'

I read my Journal. That was their will:
 Page after page of my Indian life,
 Dull enough, slow enough, Heaven knows,
 With little of peril and less of strife.

Page after page of the daily round,
 Monotony stamp'd on every leaf,—
 Hunting a tiger, meeting a Thug,
 Having a raid with a robber chief:

So ran the record, until at last
 News of the Mutiny broke the spell,
 And our regiment marched on the rebel foes,
 And my Journal told what there befel.

And here, as I read, my wandering eyes
 At the listening faces stole a glance,—
 At Amy, pale and with parted lips,
 At Maud as she dream'd on this new romance.

Then on I sped to the closing scene,
 Where a Sepoy dagger was at my heart,
 And I saw it gleam, and plunge, and then—
 But Amy rose with a sudden start.

'No more! no more! Thank Heaven you live!'
 It was her voice the silence broke,
 And Maud looked up with a face surprised,
 As if from a pleasant dream awoke.

I read no more. What need of the rest?
 Enough in the sunset I had read.
 She loved me, Amy!—her gentle heart
 Spoke in the cry that told her dread.

She loved me! Faded the rosy West,
 Faded the bloom of the rippling bay;
 But night could not chill, nor the dark depress,
 While the thought of her love in my bosom lay.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

THE waves leap up with angry roar
 Beneath the blasts of March,
 And swift the thousand cloudlets soar
 Across the broad blue arch.
 The March wind howls across the sea
 As with a giant's pain,
 And sure are we that many a tree
 Lies prone upon the plain.
 And sure are we that spire and tower
 Have quivered in the gale,
 Which tells us of its mighty power
 In that long ringing wail:
 In that shrill scream and sudden blast
 Which, dying into sobs,
 Strains hard the steamer's every mast,
 And drowns the engine-throbs!
 Rush on, March wind, with eagle swoop
 Across the maddened sea!
 Her bows our boat will only stoop
 And battle strong and free.
 With all the wild, grey water's might
 That breaks in snowy foam,
 As through the dark and stormy night
 We near our English home!
 Rush on, March wind, your fury seems
 The music of the spring,
 Your echoes but awake the dreams
 To which my fancies cling;
 Dreams of the dear old seagirt land,
 To which the exile turns
 With love which values e'en the sand
 Each heavy breaker spurns!
 You speak, March wind, with all your roar,
 Of downlands far away,
 Above whose turf the skylarks soar,
 The swallows swiftly play—
 Of downs where stands an ancient hall
 Half hid in dusky pines,
 On whom the shadows rise and fall
 As the March sunlight shines.
 Of these and of the young Princess,
 The old hall's highest pride,
 You speak to me, and thoughts that bless
 Come soft as eventide!
 Lash in your anger, then, March wind,
 The waves to sheets of foam;
 In all your terrors I but find
 The voices of my home!

W. R.

UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

BY MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER III.



LONDON BY NIGHT (1604).

THERE is scant record of the early City Watch. The murder of Lord Ferrie's brother at his lodging at the George Inn in Lombard Street, his body being thrown into the street, is said to have originated the night watchers in 1175. In 1416, Henry Barlow, then Mayor of London, is found to have ordered lanterns and lights to be hanged out on the winter's evenings betwixt All-hallowmas and Candlemas. In our Eighth Harry's night time, the ordinary lighting and watching of the streets were by one or two cressets, which only served to make darkness visible, and a few watchmen armed with halberds and dim lanterns. But once a year, on Midsummer Eve, the City made a great show of the Marching Watch, and which King Harry witnessed in 1510, having come privily into Westcheap of London, clothed in one of the coats of his guard. On the occasion of

these night marches an enormous bonfire blazed under the Cathedral of St. Paul's, lighting up every pinnacle and its many windows, as though a thousand tapers burned within. The streets were full of light; over the doorways of the houses were lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night (mind, all night), and some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once. Tables were set out with ponderous cakes and flagons of ale and wine, and over the doors hung branches of birch, with wreaths of lilies and John's-wort, 'and pots of the green orpine, in the bending of whose leaves the maiden could read her fate in love.' (My authority for this is Stow.) The windows and galleries, then common to the houses of London, were filled with ladies, the men standing below within a barrier; and between the gable roofs

were servants and venturous apprentices. Music within, and the cadence of sweet voices singing in harmony. Then with trumpet and drum onward came the Marching Watch. The pitch ropes which burned in the cressets sent up their tongues of flame and wreaths of smoke. Seven hundred cresset-bearers, besides two hundred and fifty constables, minstrels, and henchmen, to the amount of nearly 2000. There were demi-lances, gunners with their wheel-locks and arquebuses, archers in white coats, with bows bent and sheafs of arrows by their side, pikemen in bright corsets, and billmen with aprons of mail. And so came and passed the Marching Watch. And then for the rest of the year was the old gloom upon the City—the solitary cresset and the rare watchman.

In 1540, Henry put down the Marching Watch, considering the great charge to the City; but it was not until 1569 that the lovers of old pageants consented to abandon it altogether. A substantial watch was then projected for the safety of the City, and consisted of an aged man armed, as we have said, with halberd and lantern, whose business it was to parade the streets, and see that the proper lights were hung out by the housekeepers. The cry was—

'Lanthorn and whole candle light,
Hang out your lights. Hear! Hear!'

no doubt to give thieves notice of his coming, and almost as effectively as the clump, clump of our policeman's highlows.

But, in Queen Mary's time, they 'made night hideous' by one of each ward who went all night with a bell, and at every lane's end gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor and pray for the dead:—

'From noise or scarefire rest ye free,
From murders, Benedicite.'

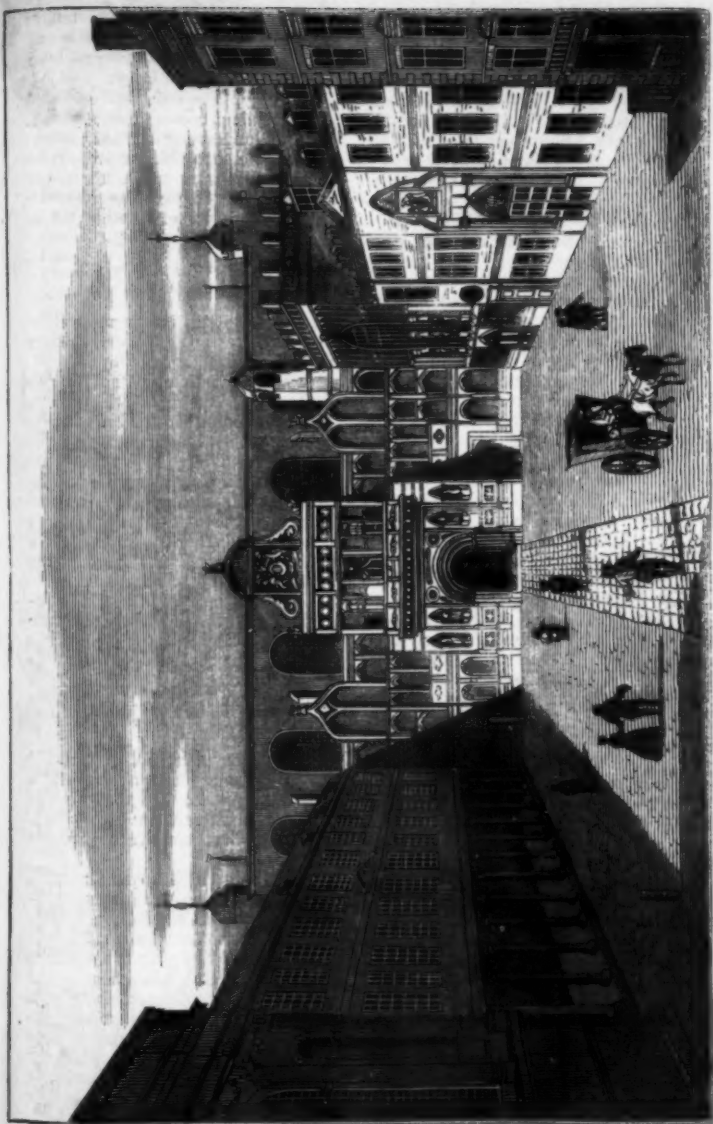
And the breed did not improve until the introduction of the new police; for the *guardian of the night* was, within our recollection, merely a great Witney coat stuffed with a superannuated bricklayer's labourer, having sufficient intelligence to bawl the hour, and to 'wink hard' (i. e.

not see) when well paid for doing so. They had boxes to sleep in—absurdly called watch-boxes—and it was said by Lord Erskine that a friend of his, who could not obtain sleep by any of the usual means, put on a watchman's coat, got into a watch-box, and was asleep in five minutes.

In 1694 a company was formed to light the streets with glass convex lights; but the company's lease expired in twenty-one years, and with it convex lights. Then every person whose rent was 10*l.* was compelled to hang out one or more lanterns to burn from six to eleven. So the cut-throats and housebreakers were kept out of bed till past eleven, unless there chanced to be clouds over the moon, or the house they had selected to work in was under 10*l.* a year, and without a lantern. Wise forefathers of the City! It was not until 1744 that this state of things was materially altered.

It will be seen, by a glance at the map of London in Elizabeth's time, that Finsbury and Spitalfields were as yet open spaces; and a proclamation was issued by Elizabeth, dated from Nonsuch, forbidding 'the erections of new buildings where none had existed in the memory of man.' (We are afraid the ghost of the gentle Elizabeth must have an uneasy time of it in this brick and mortary age.) This proclamation was made because the extension of the City was calculated 'to encourage the increase of beggars and the plague, a dearth of victuals, an increase of artisans more than could live together, and the impoverishing of other cities for lack of inhabitants.' (The population of London, within and without the walls, was in James I.'s time about 150,000, and is at present nearly three millions.)

It was also stated 'that lack of air and room to shoot' arose out of the too crowded City. Even in Henry VIII.'s time this 'lack of room to shoot' was complained of, and Henry was a great patron of archery. 'Before this time,' says Hall, 'the towns about London, as Islington, Hoxton, Shoreditch, and others, had so enclosed the common fields with hedges and ditches, that no Lon-



GUILDHALL.

doner should go out of the City but in the highways.' Of course, such treatment could not be borne by the gallant cockneys, 'and a great number of the City assembled themselves in the morning, and a turner in a fool's coat came crying through the City, "Shovels and spades!" and so many followed that it was a wonder.' Within a short space all the hedges were cut down and ditches filled—the workmen were so diligent—and this act the king's council approved.

The great archery grounds were Finsbury Fields; and these extended from the open country to the city wall—to Moorgate—and the only buildings beyond were the dwellings of the bowyers, fletchers, and stringers, the place since known as Grub Street, now Milton Street. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, describes Grub Street as the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub Street. The first use of the term Grub Street in its present offensive sense, was made by Andrew Marvel (Cunningham), and it has supplied abundant illustration for other writers. A certain Henry Welby lived in Grub Street forty-four years, and in that time was never seen of any one (1636). He was eighty-four when he died, possessed of very large estates in Lincolnshire. This seclusion arose from an attempt made on his life by a younger brother.

Beyond Grub Street, northward, the fields were studded with archery marks and pillars of stone, or wood, for targets, surmounted with some device, as a bird, a serpent, or a swan. In 1594 there were 164 of those marks, each distinguished by a name, as 'Dunstan's Darling,' 'Daye's Deed,' 'Parkes his pillar,' 'Partridge his primrose.' Why Partridge should have had his mark called a primrose we can't imagine, unless for the alliteration, or perhaps his friends wanted to make game of Partridge. The shortest distance was nine score yards, and the longest 19, or 380 yards. In Henry VIII.'s time no man was

allowed to shoot at less than 11 score, and our old ballads tell of hazel-rods being split at 20 score, or 400 yards, and sometimes, with the 'long bow,' we fancy.

In 1737, however, the butts at Finsbury had become reduced to 21, and the longest distance to 13 score! the shortest to three score, or 60 yards. Davenant has a hit at the archers of his day, and laughs at the attorneys and proctors who met in Finsbury Fields:—

'Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymne—
Sot sets for fear they'll shoot at him.'

Shooting the sun was a new idea—shooting the moon has long been a vulgar pastime on rent-days.

What the wits could not do the builders did; they killed the archers, and 1768 saw the last effort made to preserve the shooting-grounds at Finsbury. The most ancient Fraternity of St. George, established by Henry VIII., has continued in name until the present time, although we question whether 19 score and a hazel wand would not overtask the skill of their best marksman.

When we had the honour of associating with the fraternity, the once celebrated Master Betty, the young Roscius, was in figure and skill no mean representative of Friar Tuck of Sherwood. When Master Betty was not quite thirteen he got fifty pounds a night!

The worthy clerk of Copmanhurst naturally suggests quarter-staff, a favourite pastime with the youth of London, and many a bloody cockcomb has been won in Cheap and Cornhill.

The formidable quarter-staff, which we believe is peculiar to England, was about six feet in length. It was grasped in the middle, and thus allowed free play to the hands from end to end, and a turn of the wrist could describe a circle difficult to enter. It was a favourite game at all our country fairs, particularly in the west of England. We never saw it played; but the degenerate single-stick was common in our boyhood, and was a pastime which generally made a lasting impression upon one of the players at least.

The youths of London used on

holidays, after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their swords and bucklers, and the maidens, one of them playing a timbrel, danced for garlands hanged athwart the streets.* A pleasant picture this of the old city, and somewhat difficult of realisation now-a-days, as the timbrel would have a sorry chance against the 'Paddington!' 'Chelsea!' 'Hammersmith!' of our noisy omnibus conductors. Card-playing was in fashion in Henry VII.'s time, but apprentices were only allowed to indulge in it on holidays, and then in their masters' houses, for counters, nails, and points; though sometimes, perhaps, they stole a visit like Jin Vin to the play-table of 'the Chevalier Beaujeau, flower of Gascony,' and got fleeced for their folly. Chess was also in vogue.

Bowls were played in John's time, and the bowling-alleys appear to have been the admiration of all foreigners, and were 'pleasant greeneries' in the midst of the City. In Henry VII.'s time Northumberland House in Fenchurch Street had been deserted by the Percys, and its gardens converted into bowling-alleys and its chambers into 'dicing-houses.' We remember seeing some thirty years ago a bowling-alley somewhere in Clerkenwell, and which gave evidence of having been once adorned with bowers and alcoves. A memorial stone to some departed player displayed a poetical epitaph in which the terms of the game were applied to describe the virtues of the deceased.

Bull- and bear-baiting were favourite sports with the Court of the gentle Eliza, and, with cockfighting,* continued long after, to be popular pastimes of the Londoners. Boys brought fighting cocks to school on Shrove Tuesday, and fought them before their master,—an odd way of teaching a lad 'his humanities, look ye!'—and some may perhaps remember to have heard the gross but graphic 'Wednesbury' ballad, wherein the order of a main is described. Wrestling was perhaps,

* Cockfighting was introduced into England by the Romans, though frequently suppressed.

next to archery, the favourite sport of the Londoners, and there were doubtless many who could have withstood a Cornish hug, or Devonshire kick, and given a backfall or cross buttock to any man of our day. The prizes contended for were either a ram, a bull, a red-gold ring, or a pipe of wine.

On the eve of St. Bartholomew the civic court were wont to take their way to Finsbury Fields, and there have men two by two set to wrestle before them. After all was over live rabbits were set loose among the crowd to make sport for them, and very probably to allow the Lord Mayor and Corporation to depart in peace without the tag-rag and bobtail which accompany a Lord Mayor when on 'show now-a-days.' At times, says old Fitz, 'all the youth of the City went in the fields to play at ball,' and for which the 'Prentice club no doubt was used. The scholars had their ball—the tradesmen their ball, and 'the ancient sort, the fathers and the wealthy citizens, came on horseback' to see the fun; and these pleasant gatherings continued for more than four hundred years, and only passed away with the close of the seventeenth century.

Tennis was also a ball-game in vogue, we believe, as early as Henry V., and Shakspeare is not guilty of an anachronism when he makes Henry say to the Dauphin, who has brought the present of tennis-balls,

'When we have matched our rackets to these balls,

We will in God's name play a set shall strike
His father's crown into the hazard.'

Tennis continued and continues a favourite game with those who have leisure for its exercise, and fine exercise it is.

The river of Wells flowed outside Cripplegate, and passing through the partially fenny ground of Moorfields, made near West Smithfield a large sheet of water, called the Horse Pool, where the beasts were watered on the Friday cattle-market. Fitzstephen calls it that vast lake; and here, when it was hard frozen, the youths of London came to sport, riding on blocks of ice drawn over

it as sledges; and skating 'with the velocity of a bird,' upon skates made of legbones of some animal, an iron shod staff being used as a propeller. Sometimes the skaters met in friendly battle, and wounds frequently ensued.

The citizens of London had the right of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, the Chilterns, and in Kent as far as the river Cray, and through Cripplegate they went to hawking in the surrounding country.

These were some of the out-door pastimes of our gallant cockney ancestors; but even old Tom Rounding and the Epping Hunt are now things of the past!

It would be interesting, no doubt, to inquire closely into the government and commercial progress of a city which exercises so great an influence upon the rest of the civilized and uncivilized world, but such considerations are from our purpose. We must not pass by, however, the City Companies altogether, though the briefest notice shall suffice. There are ninety-one companies, of which the Weavers is the oldest, having been established 1184. Mr. Madox, in his '*Firnia Burge*' gives precedence to the bakers and saddlers. The Woolmen must have been incorporated very early, as wool was an article of considerable export. Dr. Hughson, writing in 1805, quotes 'a late ingenious publication,' to give some idea of the immense enhanced value of many manufactures from the raw or unimproved materials to their produce at market: 'One hundred pounds laid out in wool, and that wool manufactured into goods for the Turkey market, and raw silks brought home and manufactured here, will increase that one hundred pounds to five thousand pounds, which quantity of silk sent to New Spain would return ten thousand pounds. . . . Steel may be made near three hundred times dearer than gold weight for weight, for six of the finest steel wire springs for watch pendulums shall weigh but one grain, and be worth two hundred and seventy-two pence for the six, whereas one grain of gold is worth but twopence.' The history of the wool traffic is very

curious, but would occupy too much space for us to enter upon. The Steel Yard Company also existed from Henry III.'s time to 1551, when it lost its privilege. It was composed of Flemings and Germans, and for many years they were the principal exporters of the staple commodities of England. Twelve companies are styled the Honourable, namely, Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers, all celebrated for the excellence of their dinners and the largeness of their charity. Formerly the election of officers was attended with great state and ceremony and general feasting. Huge sideboards of plate were displayed; pyres of sandalwood burned in chafing-dishes; tables laden with barons of beef and boars' heads, interspersed with dishes of brawn, fat swans, and conger, and sea hogs, great birds with little birds together; *lèche Lombard*, made (or rather compounded) of pork braized in a mortar with eggs, raisins, dates, sugar, salt, pepper, spices, milk of almonds, and red wine, the whole boiled in a bladder (what is a haggis to this?); and to these a multitude of other savoury dishes too numerous to mention. After dinner, whilst spiced bread, hippocras, and comfits went round, the election took place; and then came the master and wardens with garlands on their heads (some we have known would have looked very comical in such headgear), preceded by minstrels and that great English institution, the beadle. The garlands were removed, and, like Cinderella's slipper, tried on by many of the assistants, but, strange to say, fitted only their original wearers unless there was a vacancy to be filled up. Thus fate-selected, the wardens were chosen and duly sworn, the loving cup of spiced hippocras or claret wine passed from the old warden to the new, and then (they having drunk each other's jolly good healths) the new warden received his garland, and the congratulations of the fraternity. Some mystery or

followed, Noah's Flood was one of them (no doubt at Fishmongers' Hall), then another loving cup, and all departed. On the following Sunday a mass was said for all brethren and sisters, the quick and the dead, and a minor feast held, and the liveries (in which it was a citizen's pride to appear) paid for. Part of these ceremonies, much shorn of their splendour, we have seen; we believe each Company has its peculiar formula.

The real duties of the Company were to bind apprentices and keep the same in good order, to preserve the respectability of the craft by fining and imprisoning the unfair trader. One Simon Potkin, of Aldgate, had been fined for putting starch into his comfits (we moderns supplement arsenic and verditer); Simon was fined again for saying, 'He had given money to his company to sell at his own free will;' there was not much wit in the remark, but Simon Potkin had to pay 3s. 4d. for a swan, 'to be eaten by the Master and—himself,' and to incur the immortality now given to his name and transgression. Freemen were bound to keep the secrets of the trade, or be heavily fined.

The apprentices were troublesome fellows, and would not at all times confine themselves to 'the throwts, shirts, doublets, and coats which were only honest and clean,' but would now and then appear 'in a cloak of pepadore, with hose lined with taffety, and shirts edged with silver,' and so get clapped up in prison.

In 1582 the 'prentices required an act of Common Council to keep them in order. They were ordered to wear no apparel but what they received from their masters, no hat, but a woollen cap without any silk in or about the same. To wear neither ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor other thing than a ruff a yard and a half long at the collar. To wear no doublets but of canvas, fustian, sackcloth, English leather or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimming, and no other colours than white, blue, or russet, and all of the plainest cut. To wear no pumps, slippers, or shoes

but of English leather, without being pinched, edged or stitched, nor girdles nor garters other than of crewel, woollen thread or leather, without being garnished. To wear no sword, dagger, or other weapon but a knife; nor a ring, jewel of gold or silver, nor silk in any part of his apparel, on pain of being punished by his master for the first offence; to be publicly whipped in hall for the second, and for a third, to serve six months longer than specified in his indenture. Neither was he to frequent any dancing, fencing, or music schools—no Argyll Rooms, music halls, nor Cremornes, under the penalties aforesaid. 'How jolly awful,' eh! young fellahs? Besides, you were ordered by your indentures 'to make speedy return when you shall be sent on your master's or mistress's business. You shall be of gentle and lowly speech and behaviour towards all men, especially to all your governors.'

Nor were the apprentices alone subject to restrictions in dress, as in 1597 (three years earlier) a proclamation was issued by Elizabeth against excess of apparel, gold chains, and cloaks—the latter made so long that they reached to the heels. Daggers were to be limited to twelve inches beside the hilts, and three feet only were allowed for swords.

Cloth Fair, Ironmonger Lane, Fish Street, were occupied by the trades they indicate; Foster Lane sheltered the Goldsmiths; and Cheapside, between Bow Church and Friday Street, was called the Mercery. Blackwell Hall claimed the Woollen-drapers, and Soper Lane the Grocers or Peppercers, as they were named. Newgate Street and Stocks Market, the site of the present Mansion House, divided the Butchers, and the Tanners were found 'without Newgate and without Cripplegate.'

The companies rendered great services to the community by securing supplies of corn and coal, and selling them in time of scarcity to the poorer citizens at a moderate price. Sir Simon Eyre at his own expense erected public granaries at

Leadenhall, and Sir Stephen Brown sent out ships to Dantzic for rye corn, whereby he brought down the price of wheat from three shillings a bushel to half that price: so Sir Stephen Brown seems to have been the first Free Trader. This was about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the money for corn was so scarce, says the chronicler, 'that the poor people were enforced to make their bread of fearne roots.' Roger Achily, Mayor in 1511, also deserves honourable mention, as in a time of prospective dearth he stored the Leadenhall granary with every species of grain. He likewise drained Moorfields, and made roads and bridges to the adjoining villages. As there was frequently great loss sustained by the Company and the Corporation on these sales of corn, it was arranged in 1578 that 5000 quarters were to be kept between the twelve Great Companies. At the Great Fire of London the public granaries were destroyed and never replaced.

The Companies were frequently called upon to assist the sovereign with loans, and so to supply the place of the Jews, who, after massacres and spoliations, were expelled from England by Edward I., and were not permitted to re-establish themselves until Rabbi Manasseh Ben Israel of Amsterdam obtained Cromwell's permission for their return. (Jewin Street is on the site of the old Jewish burying-ground, and the only place in England where they were permitted to bury their dead.) To the time of the exodus in 1290, the Jews had been the principal money lenders, their rate of usury being in 1158 from 2d. to 3d. in the pound per week, or at the rate of 50 or 60 per cent.; and that tradition amongst others seems to have come down to the present generation of money-lenders. The Jews became enormously rich by their traffic, and consequently were hated by the less prosperous and persecuted by the more powerful.

When they were banished alto-



EAST INDIA HOUSE, LONDON. (Pulled down in 1862.)

gether from England, and their departure soon made gold and silver coin difficult to come by, the Sovereigns constituted the Companies their bankers. Queen Elizabeth seems to have been a constant and irresistible borrower, paying no interest. Very like 'stand and deliver' with her! But the gentle Eliza once found herself with a balance in hand, and she made the citizens borrow their own money of her in

sums of 50l. to 500l., on security of gold or silver plate at 7 per cent. In 1567 her Grace established the first lottery, and compelled the Companies to take shares. But it seems, as we have said, the prizes were not forthcoming. Her Majesty also devised Patentes for almost everything but 'Bread.' Nevertheless, despite these bleedings, the Companies furnished no less than 10,000 men and thirty-eight ships for the

defence of the country when the Spanish Armada threatened to invade us—and would do so again in defence of 'our tight little island.'

There is a Company, not one of the City Companies, which deserves a word or two—the East India Company, established in Elizabeth's reign (1601), to establish a commerce with Arabia, Persia, India,

China, and several of the Indian Islands; the first subscription being only 739,782*l.* 10*s.* It was subsequently increased to a million and a half. The Company underwent vicissitudes of good and bad fortune; but ultimately attained to the government of 100,000,000 of people, and maintained armies.

The first India House was a tene-



THE ORIGINAL EAST INDIA HOUSE, LONDON, 1642.

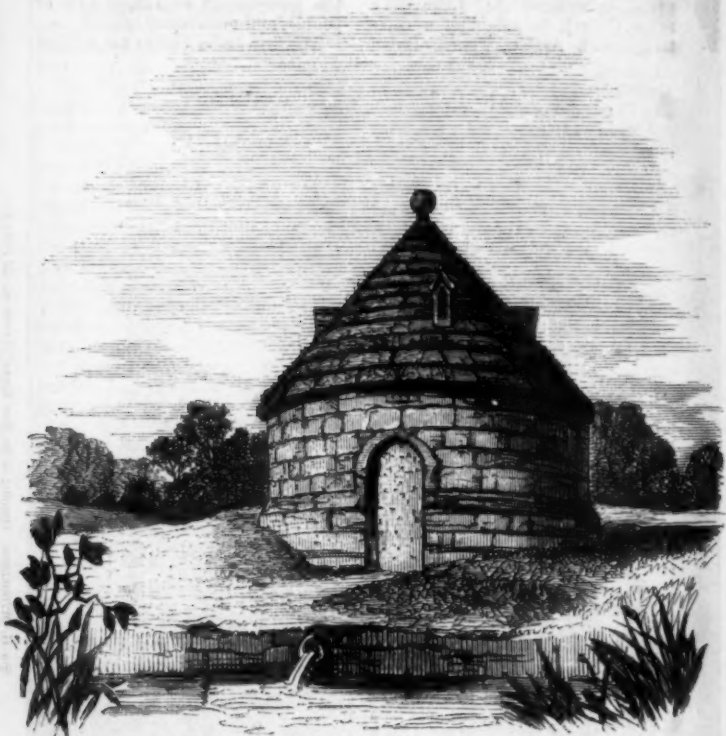
ment called the *Green Gate*, and was at one time occupied by the benevolent alderman Philip Malpas, whose house was sacked by Jack Cade and his rabble. Henry VIII. gave it to the Frenchman, John Mutas, who harboured many of his countrymen to calendar 'wolseds.' This, and other acts detrimental to the citizens,

caused the riot on Evil May Day, 1517, to which allusion has been made. The *Green Gate* and the adjoining residences of Sir William Craven (1610), (father of the great Lord Craven,) remained the India House until 1726, when a new one was erected, and which gave place to the present building in 1799,

being subsequently enlarged and ornamented.

We have spoken of the conduits running with wine—white and claret wine—the Great Conduit in Cheap, all one June afternoon (t. 1533) on

the marriage of Anna Boleyn; but the most precious liquor—water—first flowed from the conduit in West Cheap in 1285, brought hither from Tyburn through leaden pipes, which took fifty years to lay down.

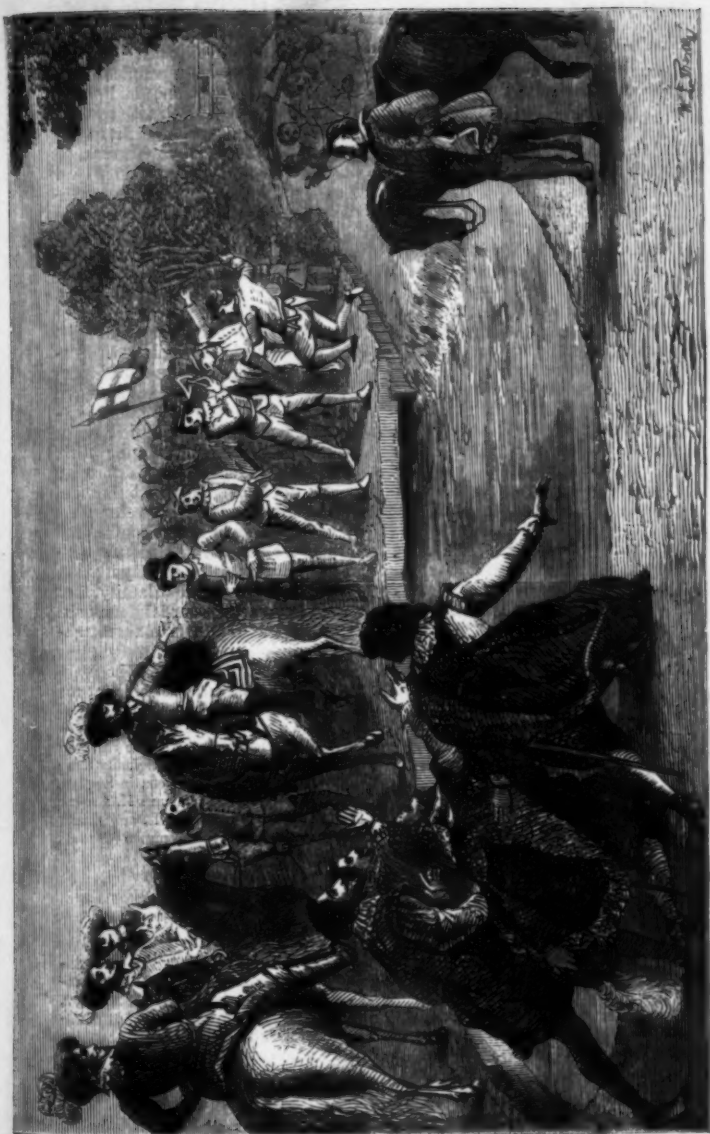


CONDUIT AT BAYSWATER.

Tyburn and Baynard's Water, or Bayswater, furnished ten more conduits, and were periodically visited by my Lord Mayor and the City Hunt when, before and after dinner, the hare and the fox were hunted and killed even in St. Giles's Fields. The Mayor and Corporation then went to dinner at the Banqueting House, at the head of the conduit in Oxford Road (where Stratford Place now stands), and when, no doubt, as the old song runs—

'They dipped the fore-pad in a bumper,
And drank my lord's health in good wine.'

In James I.'s time, the conduit water was carried about by a man called a Tankard Bearer. He bore a large can on his shoulders, towels over his breast and back, and disposed of the conduit waters by the quart or gallon, and was, in fact, a walking pump. In 1620, the New River Company was incorporated to supply water through wooden pipes. James I. took great interest in the



SIR H. MYDDELTON. Opening of the New River. (From an old Print.)

undertaking—and fell into the river. Hugh Myddelton, the projector, was made a baronet; and I am glad to know, from Mr. Smiles's recent research, did not get into hot water as reported, but was well rewarded for his enterprise. The shares of the company (seventy-five in number), sold for many years at only 5*l.* each, but within a few years a share has realised 10,000*l.*

In 1582, Peter Morris, a Dutchman, and denizen of the City, erected engines for raising a water supply from the Thames by converting the watercourses into cataracts or rapids, to the great inconvenience of the navigation; these works were partially destroyed by fire in 1774, and in 1822 were removed by Act of Parliament. When a boy we saw them in operation. Two or three large slimy wheels plashing and dashing, and working cranks and rods. Terribly frightened we were!

The water supply somewhat incongruously reminds one of the great fires which have devastated London. One in 1086, when St. Paul's and all the churches from the east to the west gate were burnt. Another in the reign of Stephen nearly consumed the City. The fire on London Bridge in 1212 has been already mentioned. Then there was the Great Fire in 1666. Mr. Pepys was called about three in the morning of September 2nd to see the beginning of this great fire, which was not to cease until the 7th. Both he and John Evelyn were eye-witnesses, and saw 'the sky like the top of a burning oven visible for forty miles round, and to which distance the smoke extended, the crackling of the flames, the shrieking of the women and children, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like a hideous storm, and the air about so hot and inflamed, that at last no one could approach it. The stones flew like grenades, and the melting lead ran down the street in a stream, and the very pavement glowed with fiery redness. 'The fire began at a baker's in Pudding Lane,'

* The monument on Fish Street Hill, set up to commemorate this event, stands about 202 feet from the spot where the fire began. The shaft and base of the pillar

and destroyed in four days eighty-nine churches, including St. Paul's, the city gates, Royal Exchange, Custom House, Guildhall, Sion College, and many other public buildings, 13,200 houses, and laid waste in all 400 streets. The ruins covered 436 acres, and extended from the Tower to the Temple Church on one side, Fleet Street and to Fetter Lane on the other. On the north-east they reached to Holborn Bridge. The streets were very narrow, and the houses built of wood and plaster—usually with a large well-staircase, which acted like a chimney. Before the fire the houses nearly touched each other at top, and light and air were almost excluded. Possibly Elizabeth's 'Non-such' proclamation led to this economy of space, though the old houses destroyed by the fire occupied more ground than those built upon their sites, when their gardens and open spaces were covered with buildings.

The few streets which were paved sloped downward to the centre, and formed a channel filled mostly with no very agreeable or sightly matter. So the fire—dreadful calamity that it was—hurried forward the material improvement of our street thoroughfares.

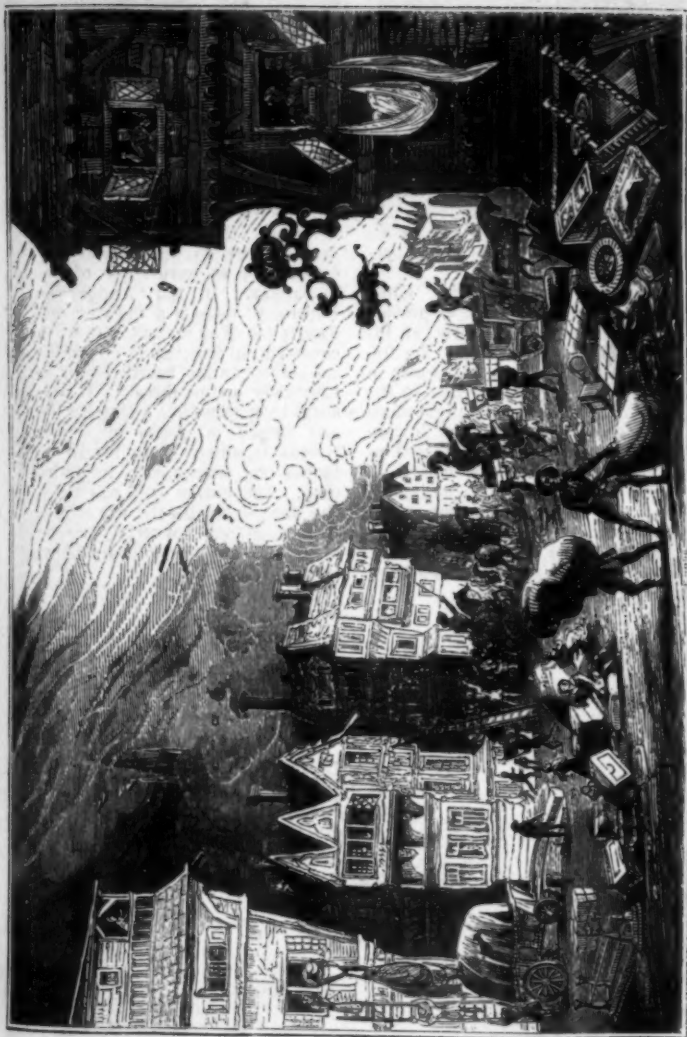
are exactly of the same height, viz., 202 feet. It is said to be the loftiest isolated column in the world, there being 345 stairs of black marble, and the whole cost was about 14,500*l.* There were originally three inscriptions in Latin, and one in English, which were obliterated by James II.; re-cut in the reign of William III., and finally erased by order of the Common Council, Jan. 26, 1831. The English version, which produced Pope's well-known lines—

'Where London's column pointing to the skies,
'Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies,'

was as follows:—

'THIS PILLAR WAS SET UP IN PERPETUALL REMEMBRANCE OF THAT DREADFUL BURNING OF THIS PROTESTANT CITY, BEGUN AND CAREYED OUT BY Y^e TREACHERY AND MALICE OF Y^e POPISH FACTION, IN Y^e BURNING OF SEPTEMBER, IN Y^e YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1666, IN ORDER TO Y^e CAREYING ON THEIR HORRID PLOTT FOR EXTIRPATING Y^e PROTESTANT RELIGION AND OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY, AND Y^e INTRODUCTION OF POPERY AND SLAVERY.'

This has been very properly erased.



GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666.

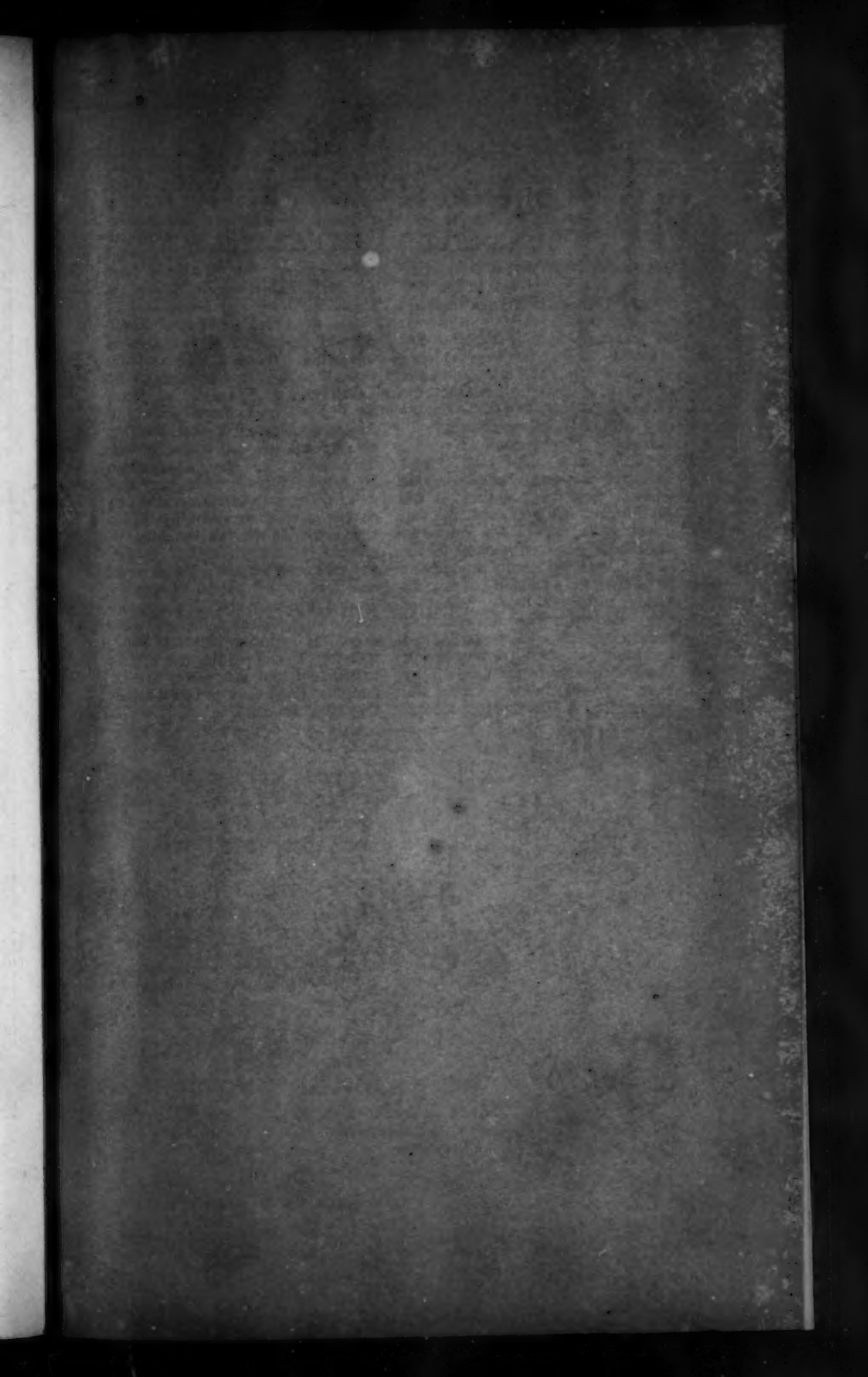
Swithin's Alley, by the Royal Exchange, was a merchant's house of that name, and some twenty odd houses were erected on its site. Copthall Court was a Dutch merchant's house, and Princes Street, going into Lothbury, was occupied by one great house before the fire. King's Arms Yard in Coleman Street was an inn with stabling for horses; so that more houses were erected, although the streets were widened and improved. The most authentic accounts of the fire are from the 'London Gazette,' and the testimony of Lord Clarendon, who was an eyewitness of its progress.

Immediately after the Great Fire every alderman had to provide buckets and hand-squirts at his dwelling: hence, no doubt, the frequent appearance of the former in the old halls and warehouses in the City. There were many precautions to be enforced on the cry of fire: an armed man was to be placed at every doorway with a bucket of water; lanterns were to be lighted and hung out. All persons except those summoned by the Lord Mayor were enjoined to keep within the houses, and a bell was to be rung

and the street patrolled. Brokers on 'Change were required to attend and guard the goods committed to their charge; and these regulations continued in force, although neglected in the observance, until the establishment of the insurance companies, and a fire-watch, November, 1791.

One word on the old curfew bell, generally regarded as a tyrannous institution of the Conqueror, and nothing else. It really seems to have been a necessary act of police to insure the extinguishment of fires in houses so very combustibly constructed as were those of our forefathers. In the 'Antiquarian Repertory' there is a drawing and description of an ancient curfew, or cover-fire, an instrument by which the embers on the hearth could be effectually extinguished. It was shaped somewhat like a Dutch oven, and formed of pieces of copper riveted together, being about ten inches long, sixteen wide, and nine deep. The curfew bell was rung, therefore, to compel the use of this instrument, and not merely to send naughty Londoners to bed whether they liked it or not.







Drawn by G. Du Maurier.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[See the story]

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



CHAPTER I.

"I NEVER saw such rain in my life."

"My dear, it always rains at Genoa."

"Then why does 'Murray' say that Genoa is a dry place, with sharp cutting winds?"

"My dear, 'Murray' makes a mistake. I have been here—let me see—six times; and every time it has been just like this, close, muggy weather, and raining warm water."

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"I suppose it is the worst of the year?"

"Oh, yes; you—I have always been here in October, certainly—on the way to Rome; but if a year were over dry and cold, one would fancy it would be just in October. I can't say though that a year over is just as it does now; it is more like Roman rain."

"A nice present to the Romans?"

"That is true indeed! How people can say that there is a road from Genoa to Pisa, when there is that